THE

CASTLE

OF

SAINT DONATS;

OR, THE

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Ex noto fictum carmen ſequar.

HORACE'S ART OF POETRY.

VOL. I.

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READER,

IF thou art eager to begin this Hiſtory, thou mayeſt ſafely ſkip over

THE INTRODUCTION,

which only explains the cauſe, and has nothing to do with the thread of the ſtory.

"WHAT is a novel?" was a queſtion broached by a poor wight of an author from the table of a modern Lord Cheſterfield—a poor author at the table of a modern Lord Cheſterfield!!! Methinks I hear thee ſay, "Impoſſible, abſurd! Well, Sir, go on."

J—— Marquis of ——, whoſe taſte and munificence are as excellent and a diffuſive

diffuſive as the very otto of roſes themſelves, ſome years ago had made a conſpicuous figure in the zenith of Adminiſtration. The party-writers of the day thought proper about this time to abuſe his Lordſhip's conduct without mercy, when Mr. Penready, by the recommendation of his bookſeller, ſtarted up as his champion.

Mr. Penready had been lately tranſlating the Grecian and Roman orators; he caught their fire, their enthuſiaſm, and rapture; he wrote, he publiſhed, and wonders followed the work: a ſecond and a third edition rapidly ſucceeded each other; thouſands wrote againſt him; the ſwiniſh multitude, whoſe voice is fame, equally praiſed the ſubject and himſelf; and his Lordſhip on a ſudden found his character retrieved, as it were, from the clouds, at leaſt from as airy a ſituation, four ſtories high.

The

The bookſeller had originally paid a certain price for the pamphlet; but his Lordſhip ſoon enquired for his defender, and ſent his one hundred pound note, with a deſire that he would wait upon him.

Mr. Penready, in raptures at his good fortune, firſt purchaſed a complete and freſh (if not new) ſuit of clothes: complete and freſh, from that ragged thing which before ſcarcely reached to his loins, to the inſignificant piece of ſtring which had tied his ſhoes. A new bob wig and a large cocked hat completed the man.

Thus equipped, Mr. Penready ſallied forth to the auguſt manſion of the Marquis, with a ſmall copy of verſes in his pocket. In his way through the Strand, an elegant ſnuff-box and genteel cane were added to his retinue at Exeter Exchange as auxiliary recommendato-

ries; and having knocked at his Lordſhip's gate, and turned upon his toe, he gaily uttered that expreſſive term, which had long been baniſhed from his lips, "Damme!"

While Mr. Penready ſent up his name, he could not fail admiring his whole length in a large mirror of his noble patron's in the anti-room; and as he knowingly clapped his hat under his arm, plucked his wig before, and ſmote his late purchaſe upon the ground, he gave a ſmile that a youthful king newly ſeated on his throne might have envied.

Mr. Penready was not ſuffered to wait long. The Marquis received him with his accuſtomed politeneſs, warmly ſhook him by the hand, thanked him, and promiſed him his favour. The author, agreeably aſtoniſhed at the great kindneſs ſhewn him, humbly preſented his poetry;

poetry; and his Lordſhip was ſo well pleaſed with the verſes, that, after carefully caſting his eye over the poet's dreſs, and being perfectly ſatisfied with the *tout enſemble*, he deſired the favour of his company to dinner. Mr. Penready thought his patron meant *ſupper*, as he had eat his morſel ſome few hours before; he did not contradict the noble Marquis, but with proper humility accepted the offer.

After dinner his Lordſhip purpoſely led the ſubject to literary matters: the pamphlet was mentioned. Mr. Penready—who had learned the art of flattery by frequent attendance on his bookſeller—judiciouſly remarked that he had never before written with any great ſucceſs, which he attributed to his having generally dealt in fiction; "but truth," ſaid he, "is ſo prevailing, that a clear ſtatement of the circumſtances was

all that was neceſſary to enſure my ſucceſs."

The moſt faſhionable kind of writing next came in debate, and *novels* were declared to be the reigning taſte of the day. This drew from the bard, at the bottom of his Lordſhip's table, that ſimple queſtion before ſtated—"*What is a novel?*"

All the company at once prepared to anſwer it;—but as the ladies were not yet retired, the gentlemen very politely gave place, and Lady Bell Vivant, who ſat at the right hand of General Dejuine, who ſat next to the fair hoſteſs, began:—"A novel ſhould be a delicate explanation of thoſe tender ſcenes which a common hiſtorian neither underſtands nor conceives. It ſhould be well ſtored with gordian knots, which the hero may at once cut through, but the heroine muſt nicely unravel."

"Nay,"

"Nay," ſaid a maiden lady, immenſely rich, ſomewhat ſatirical, and to whom every Hymeneal preferment-looking gentleman in the company paid his devoirs, "is it not an illuſtration of *true* love, diſtinguiſhed from that baſe and multifarious ſpecies with which the world is ſo much peſtered."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined the General, who had already paſſed his thirtieth year, "it is a deſcription of Love with his two attendants, Courage and Fidelity, conducting his enrapt votaries through the labyrinths of life to the bliſsful Temple of Hymen."

"I preſume," ſaid Dr. Aquatic quickly, —a famous phyſician, who had learnedly elucidated the medicinal properties of the various waters at the various watering places,—"a novel is an analyſis of love, with the very eſſence of honour, and a *quantum ſufficit* of all the com-

mon virtues and vices properly mixed together."

"Rather," retorted an old Cynic, "a novel is a compilation of forced events confuſedly jumbling againſt each other; 'tis Love run mad, Honour ſtripped naked, the Paſſions dancing the hays together, and Virtue, common Senſe, and Propriety turned out of doors. A novel is the laſt refuge of every block-head of a ſcribbler."

This the old gentleman uttered with ſuch a ſtrong ſarcaſtic ſneer, that it occaſioned a momentary pauſe; which a reverend divine, Doctor of Divinity, and head of a public ſchool, taking the advantage of, with great gravity ſaid, "It is in truth, my dear Sir, the *cacoetes ſcribendi*. I never heard of ſuch a thing amongſt the ancients as a *novel!* The Grecians and Romans knew far better. 'Tis a modern invention, formed by the degenerate

rate faculties of the preſent day, and drawn from the very dregs of the cup of literature."

"Ancients! Oh, horrid!---then I rejoice I did not live in thoſe wretched days," cried a young lady, whoſe very pretty face was a full excuſe for any want of reflection, "a novel, my dear Sirs, explains to us what your muſty old Homers never once dreamed of; it contains the language of the ſoul, the ſecrets of the mind, and the treaſures of the heart."

The poor author, whoſe head began to droop under the table, and whoſe pencil had fallen from his hand, felt himſelf again revived, and picked up his pencil with renewed ſpirits; while Major O'Sarvice, a venerable officer, a gentleman of Ireland, and who had riſen to his Majority entirely by his merit, exclaimed, "My ſweet little angel,

you ſpeak a language that would have done the old Grecians and Romans good to have heard ye. By my ſoul, I believe a novel is the firſt writing under the ſun: it is no burthen to the thought; and a General—I mean a General in the field—may draw his lines, form his entrenchments, and read a novel all the while, without having his dear—I think you call them—intellects and ideas confuſed at all."

"Then," replied Mr. Preciſe, who always when he ſpoke attempted to ſay ſomething pretty, though the ladies agreed the beſt of his endowments was an eſtate of ten thouſand a year, "a novel is like good ſauce that will agree well with any diſh; it is the pancreatic juice of letters; it is ——"

"A novel," cried a punſter, breaking the thread of his diſcourſe, may then at once be defined—the *moſt palatable* ſort of writing."

"If

"If you mean to be the friend of the people," ſaid Mr. Le Tyrant, whoſe wife had died the week before of a broken heart, "ſhew them the miſeries and wretchedneſs of their ſituation; let them no longer fancy that they are free and happy, but boldly attack their laws, religion, and government, and—."

Here he was interrupted by a very young Cornet at his Lordſhip's right hand. "Prove to them, by the example of the French diſciples of freedom, how good a thing it is to want thoſe ties; there no ſhackles confine the mind for life; titles, honours, and connections are there unknown; nor need the marriage tie anxiouſly wait for death to diſſolve it. Then may your novel, Sir, rank among that illuſtrious ſort which modern ingenuity has fabricated, and taken ſuch pains to circulate round the country."

The warmth of the young hero, who had juſt left Weſtminſter ſchool, finiſhed Mr. Le Tyrant's deſcription of a novel; and the noble Hoſteſs herſelf, to put a ſtop to any altercation, next gave her opinion---" A novel, I think, ſhould be a faithful delineation of thoſe minuter events in the world, which the grandeur of the lofty hiſtorian diſdains to notice. It ſhould be a clear and ſimple hiſtory of individuals in common life, where domeſtic intercourſe and natural occurrences ſhew the characters; the virtues and vices of human nature ſhould be portrayed, and the excellency of the one, and deſtructive tendency of the other clearly exemplified."

" The writer," continued her noble huſband, " ſhould, like Ulyſſes, be a man who well knows the manners, cuſtoms, and habits of mankind, and particularly of thoſe he means to deſcribe.

I took up a novel the other day at my bookſeller's, unknowing of the author, and opened it in a page where the writer attempted to draw the behaviour of a ſet of young men at the Univerſity of Oxford. It is not ſo many years ſince I left college, as to be ignorant of ſcenes of that kind. How was I aſtoniſhed! I read page after page, but in vain I ſought for the place or manners I ſo well knew. 'I am ignorant,' ſaid I to the bookſeller, 'who your author may be; but this I will venture to ſay, he has neither had the education of a gentleman, nor been accuſtomed to the company he deſcribes.' I ſince found I was right; the book was written by the well-known Thomas Blackman, more famous for his tranſlations (for I underſtand he is a wonderful linguiſt) than for any publications of his own he has ever yet offered to literary notice.

I recom-

I recommend it therefore to you, Mr. Penready, and to all other writers intending to favour the world with novels, to be thoroughly acquainted with thoſe ſcenes you purpoſe to draw."

"Alas! my Lord," replied the poor author, "my principal ſcenes then muſt be in a garret!"

"Your ſtile, Sir," ſaid the punſter, who was determined not to miſs the opportunity, "will nevertheleſs be lofty? you'll ſoar above all common things with ſentiments far ſupèrior to the traſh of this earth; your manner will of courſe be airy, light, and pleaſant; and though you may be ſometimes in the clouds, you will undoubtedly excel in the ſublime; 'the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the ſolemn temples,' will all be familiar to you."

"My dear gentlemen," cried a middle-aged lady, whoſe affected gravity faintly hid an arch ſmile, "how you ſcare the poor man. Don't be ſo eaſily alarmed, Mr. What's-your-name; let your heroes be brave, let your damſels be ſentimental; let us have two or three deſperate villains, a wicked old woman, a cunning valet, faithful maid, and pretty little dog; and whether you are a Member of Parliament or a Democrat, a Parſon or a Freethinker, you may work out as pretty a novel as any young lady would wiſh to read. And pray, my good Sir, for whom do you write? Not for the grave old Dons, they won't read your book if ever ſo true; but you write to be ſure for the young gentlemen and ladies who frequent the circulating libraries, and have nothing elſe to do; and truſt me they'll find no great reliſh for your plain homeſpun truths." "Damme,

"Damme, Ma'am," cried a hopeful young gentleman to whom my Lord was guardian, and who heard every word the laſt lady had ſaid in a ſerious light, "damme, Ma'am, it's juſt the thing; I like your bold, daſhing, incomprehenſible heroes; and have read about many a one with pleaſure in thoſe books of my Lord's in the powdering-room."

"What, the Arabian Nights Entertainments? I thought, Sir, you never read at all."

"Rot it, Ma'am; this curſed cropping has been a deviliſh bad thing to me. I uſed to read every morning before for a full hour, while my valet was combing my hair; but now, ſome how or other, I have not the opportunity."

The latter part of this ſpeech was ſpoken in ſo ſerious and rueful a tone, that the company laughed outright. "Indeed, Sir," ſaid the punſter, "this cropping

cropping will ſpoil the head of many a fine young gentleman."

The author, who was afraid the converſation would be turned from his favourite topic, and who was eagerly taking notes in ſhort-hand of every one's opinion, aſked a ſmart little lady, who played nicely on the piano-forte, had a pretty taſte for drawing, and was well read in the writings of the romance and novel kind, what was her opinion? She had liſtened with the utmoſt attention to the whole diſcourſe. Not regarding the queriſt, but turning to the noble hoſt, ſhe ſaid, "My dear Lord, I muſt ſay I agree with Mrs. Sarcaſm, and Mr. Puppy: I really ſee no uſe in drawing thoſe ſcenes which every body knows: let the writer—if he *will* copy Nature—copy her in the majeſtic ſcenes of the Alps and Pyrenees; let him enliven his work with a few elegant ſongs; let him

him paint in lively colours the paſtoral life, the life of happineſs! there let his heroine wander amid the bleating of the harmleſs lambs, and the tinkling of the diſtant ſheep-bells, while the ſhepherd plays on his flute, and the innocent ſhepherdeſs ſings by his ſide; and around let the nightingale, the lark, and the airy ſongſters of the grove tune their melody: then let the Hero at laſt find his faithful miſtreſs in the midſt of all this happineſs; and let them renew the golden age at their elegant manſion in the country."

At this ſpeech, which was ſpoken in a light and mincing way, the greater part of the company bit their lips; but Sir William Wanton, who had been a few years before ſeparated from his wife, and which the ill-natured world moſt cruelly ſaid was his own fault, drew their attention. "If you wiſh for

readers,

readers, Sir, write the language of Nature, and give her her true garb and colouring; deſcribe the more animating ſcenes of life, and rouſe our feeling. Do not let a falſe modeſty hide the charms of your Heroine in obſcurity. Remember beauty conſiſts not alone in the face, the ſnowy boſom, the riſing breaſts, the---the---the *tout enſemble* ſhould fire the hero and the reader: let your ſcenes be ſoft, be tender, be amorous, be natural; the more critical the danger, the greater is the virtue of your Heroine; the more temptations that aſſail your Hero, the more glorious his victory. Even the chaſte dictates of a Cumberland have his amorous Jemimas, his Suſans and his Fannys, in no conciſe terms or frigid language. Throw away then the flimſy veil of affected delicacy; bring ſportive Venus and the waggiſh god of love ſhaking his bright torch.—"

"Sir

"Sir William means," ſaid a plain country gentleman, who had a charming young daughter at the table, and who feared to what lengths the Baronet's deſcription might extend, "that you ſhould give him a little bawdy to raiſe his paſſions;—but let me tell you, Sir, that the man who wants to ſee more than a pretty face, might as well be without them entirely; and the woman who conſtantly ſhews thoſe charms all-lovely Modeſty thinks proper to conceal, is as much a ſtrumpet in her mind as any miſtreſs Sir William ever had in his life."

A gentleman of the Univerſity of Cambridge, by whoſe mathematical ſkill that ſcientific ſeminary has been ofttimes enlightened, philoſophically remarked—that properties different from each other could never be the ſame properties. "Such," continued he, "are nature and

and novel: nature is a continuation of a known quality inherent in a thing; novel *a priori longè remota*, is unknown and new, as the name itſelf exemplifies; therefore every novel muſt be unnatural."

This correct and concluſive argument had nearly ſtopped all further inveſtigation of the ſubject, but for the ready help of the punſter. "By the ſame rule, I preſume, my learned Sir, *new bread* then has an *unknown* quality, and is equally *unnatural.*" Then turning to Mr. Penready, "But however *natural*, Sir, you may chuſe to be yourſelf, take care you don't treat your readers like *naturals.*"

"One thing only, Mr. Penready," ſaid a widow lady, who knew the world, "I muſt inſiſt on, that your females do not make love firſt; for even if you write with the pen of a Cumberland, you

you will diſguſt your male, and highly offend your female readers."

"As for pecuniary concerns," ſaid a dry old gentleman, who well knew the value of money, "give them not a thought, 'tis beneath the notice of a *noveliſt* hiſtorian: the laſt page is ſufficient for ſuch trifles, and by killing an old uncle, or at leaſt a twentieth couſin, you may make your lovers as rich as you pleaſe. But be ſure let your Heroes and Heroines be generous: if the *fair diſtreſſed* has but two pieces in her pocket, ſhe muſt give one to the firſt impudent beggar that aſks her, and your *Hero* muſt undoubtedly give both. Money, it is true, may be very well with matrimony, but it has nothing to do with love; Venus flies from the cold touch of Plutus. Honours and Titles you may do as you will with them; theſe are the gems which a ſkilful writer will employ

employ to the very beſt advantage. Marriage, the *coup de grace*, is only to be conſidered as to your Hero and Heroine, but for the reſt of the character never give it a thought; in your finiſhing chapter or letter, you may couple them together juſt as you pleaſe—or let your bookſeller do it for you."

The pretty little daughter of the country gentleman was preſſed to give her opinion. After a little demur (the young lady was lately entered into her teens, and the native veil of modeſty had not yet given place to one of art), ſhe ſaid, "Pray, Sir, don't let your Hero be too old, and do let him be good-natured, not finding fault with every thing his miſtreſs does; I am ſure I ſhould not like ſuch a man, teaſing my ſoul out about nothing, and——." She was going on without thought, but quickly recollecting herſelf, with a bluſh concluded,

cluded, "If you mean to make them happy, let them be married early."

The company unanimouſly joined in applauding her opinion; and his Lordſhip was about to turn the converſation, when the poor Bard, with many apologies, begged the favour of the company to recommend him thoſe books they each of them held in the higheſt eſtimation, that he might ſtudy their ſtile, their manner, and their ſentiments.

"Well, Sir," ſaid his patron, "I dare to ſay there is not one of my friends that will refuſe you this favour, and I will begin.—If you wiſh to copy real life, ſtudy Smollet and Fielding; for neat and pointed ſatire, Gulliver's Travels; and as a model for your language take Swift before all others."

"If you want juſt reaſoning," ſaid my Lady, "and clear explanation, read Richardſon; for nature and ſimplicity, Goldſmith;

Goldſmith; for correct and nervous ſtile, as well as for the well-drawn horrors and true pathos, the modern Mrs. Ratcliff will amply furniſh you; and for character, mark Gil Blas."

"I recommend to you," ſaid Lady Bell Vivant, "the incomparable writings of the immortal Rouſſeau for ſentiment;—and thoſe excellent tranſlations from the French (if you do not read the originals) will furniſh you with a ſufficient number of tender ſcenes, double entendres, and teach you the paſſions of the ſoul; for the forming and unravelling of difficulties the German Novels are undoubtedly maſterpieces."

"Though not for Ghoſts and Hobgoblins," ſaid the widow lady, "to deſcribe thoſe wondrous days of yore, the Old Engliſh Baron, and the Caſtle of Otranto are moſt worthy your notice

in theſe no private hiſtory is inſulted, no public falſified and confuſed."

"If you wiſh for a Hero," ſaid the General, "read Golſalvo de Cordova. Heroines lovely, chaſte, beautiful, and enterpriſing, I am certain you can find enough among our Engliſh authoreſſes—Cecilia, Evelina, The Welch Heireſs, and ſome of the writings of Mrs. Smith are models for you."

"To find a true Soldier in a Novel," ſaid Major O'Sarvice, "I believe I muſt have recourſe to ſome other book; but as I don't know much about books, I'll give you a few living characters, and you may ſtudy them. B.—P.—A. C.—F. D. Y.—S. A. W.—C. C.—D.—C.—W.—S. S. S.—and my brave countryman O'Hara."

The recommendations began to follow one another ſo quick, that the buſy Author had no time to remark half that were

were mentioned, much leſs to notice each ſpeaker. "Do you want eaſe and native ſatire, there's Mrs. Inchbald." "For chaſte language and ſentiment Miſs Burney is unrivalled." "For clear knowledge and excellent deſcriptions of the human heart, who is ſuperior to Dr. Moore?" "For a pleaſing picture of youth, the true pathetic, The Fool of Quality has not yet been excelled." "For a love of virtue, and developement of the paſſions of the mind, Mrs. Ratcliff and Mrs. Inchbald." "Nor muſt Ned Evans, The Farmer of Inglewood Foreſt, the Counteſs of Caſtle Howell, The Children of the Abbey, &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c. be forgotten."

"You have been told, my good Sir," ſaid Mrs. Sarcaſm, "that nothing will help your book off ſo well as a little of

the ſtile which the excellent Martinus Scriblerus calls the *Prurient*. Let the reſpectable credit gained by writers, who have purchaſed their fame by ſcenes of that kind, inſpire you. Of ancient authors, you will find enough from the famous Boccaſe to the chaſte days of Charles the Second; of the very modern ones Cumberland's Henry, and the Monk of Matthew Gregory Lewis, Eſq. M. P. are non-pareils."

"Yes," ſaid the country Gentleman, who was alſo a M. P. "now is your time to rival the Clelands and Woolſtands.* Our ingenious, original, and modeſt legiſlator ſeems to have been already forſaken by his diabolical agents; the charm is now broke, the myſtic power of M. P. is paſſed by; and take my word for it, Sir, you nor any other

* Two infamous writers for their indecency and blaſphemy.

writer

writer will have cauſe to fear a rival from the imitative abilities of Mr. Matthew Gregory.*"

"Come,"

* That a young man ſhould write a bawdy book is no mighty wonder, nor that a depraved and vitiated youth ſhould contemn and ſatirize religion; but that any man, under the ſanction of a M. P. to his name, ſhould in his firſt literary work break through the bounds of decency and holineſs,---indulging himſelf without ſcruple in every advantage the moſt trifling writer would require---uſe the agency of witches, conjurers, ghoſts, and demons---borrow without diſcrimination from all authors ſacred and profane---confound the mythology of the ancients and moderns, debaſing their ideas, and deſtroying their allegories---and finally diſregard every rule of propriety, probability, and even poſſibility, not only in the machinery of the work, but even in the ſimple narrative, (ſuch, for inſtance, as the ignorant ſtuff of a man flying for his life, and *carrying before him on a ſingle horſe for many miles a large, fat, unwieldy woman aſleep*), and to all this affix his name as a M. P. is indeed a matter of no little amazement. Yet what will poſterity think of the power of a name when the ſame kind of traſh, aided by an excellent diſplay of ſcenery, and by the grimace and pantomimic exertions of the performers, *with almoſt*

"Come," ſaid the old Cynic with a ſneer, "I'll give ye a Romance, that will

every idea borrowed, ſtamps an author's fame as a dramatic writer. While I am on this ſubject, I cannot refuſe mentioning a few remarks among the many which have caſually ſtruck my attention.

As for the plot, there is none---ſo far the merit is all Mr. Lewis's own. The ſtory is partly and very wiſely taken from the *Italian Monk*, a compoſition as far ſuperior to Mr. Lewis's as light from darkneſs. In characters we have a Father Paul, an old Abigail, a wicked Lord, and a wicked friend---a poor fool, a poor lover, and a poor young lady, with poor papa, and ſo forth. For tricks and ſcenery, we have trap-doors, gloomy dungeons, long vaults, daggers, poiſon, a real ghoſt in white, and a ſham ghoſt in armour, ſoldiers, black ſlaves, &c. &c. &c. I have only time to ſpeak of a few of the beſt ſcenes; the trumpery ſtuff of the Friar's ſticking in the door-way, rolling out of bed, Mrs. Abigail's long and tireſome repetition of the ſame, imitative of *Falſtaff's famous lie*, is too bad for criticiſm. The grand ſcene is where the real ghoſt firſt appears; in this, as not a word is ſpoken by the parties, though much merit may be due to Mrs. Powell and Mrs. Jordan, and the ſolemn muſic, none can fall upon the *ſapient* writer. The next is where the black ſlaves play at dice for the priſoner's

will do you moſt good to ſtudy, *Baron Munchauſen*; and if you read him, you'll know all the reſt of the traſh."

Mr.

priſoner's money while he eſcapes from the window: this young *Modeſty confeſſes* he has borrowed, but the trick of the Hero's throwing himſelf dexterouſly on the ſofa, is only worthy a place in a pantomime. The ſcene in which the Heroine diſcovers her father, is perhaps the beſt, as it gives ſuch great ſcope to the abilities of Mrs. Jordan; yet it is all anticipated, and tediouſly lengthened. The concluding is ſuch a medley of confuſion, that whether it is the Spectre or the Young Lady, the Old Man or his Own Conſcience that kills the wicked Lord, or whether he is killed at all, ſtill remains a matter of doubt to the audience.

Now for the ſentiments. Mr. L. gives himſelf great credit for the *original* one of his favourite Black, that 'ſince white men have deſtroyed his freedom and happineſs, he takes pleaſure in being the inſtrument of vengeance againſt each other:' this is meanly borrowed *from the tragedy of Barnwell*, where Milwood (I ſpeak without reference) gives the ſame reaſon for her hatred to men, that 'ſince men had ſeduced her, ſhe will do every injury in her power to the whole ſex.' In the ſcene where the Tyrant, *like a ſecond Richard*, is awaked by an horrible dream, Barrymore undoubtedly does it every credit till the ſpeaking com-

Mr. Penready looked very glum, but his friend, the young beauty, quickly relieved him. "Indeed, Mr. Grumble," ſaid ſhe careleſsly, "you are much miſtaken, there is ne'er a Miſanthropiſt in the whole book. What a wonderful fine character you'd make! obſerve him well, Mr. Penready. Pray, my dear Mr. Grumble, do you ever have the gout?"

Whenever a *pretty* woman attempts a joke, it muſt of courſe be a good one, and the company did not refrain their laughter. The Cynic made no reply, but tacitly ſeemed to agree in the general opinion—that Beauties may ſay what they will with impunity.

mences; then the old ſtory of ſpectres, ſkeletons, raw-heads, and bloody-bones is but a poor imitation of *Clarence's dream*, excluſive of the different motives for telling it, which actuated Clarence and this other wight. Butenough of the ſervile traſh.

The

The author now addreſſed a ſhort, thin, long-phized, elderly gentleman, who had not opened his lips upon the ſubject, and humbly aſked his opinion. "Young man," he anſwered with the utmoſt gravity, "call upon me to-morrow at twelve." Mr. Penready made a low bow, as he took his card acroſs the table: the reſt of the gueſts ſmiled;—a ſilence enſued for a few ſeconds, and the converſation took a general turn.

On the following morning the Author failed not to wait on his new acquaintance.

He was ſhewn into a large room by an ancient female, who might with credit have ſat for the picture of the Witch of Endor. The only window in the room pointed to the ſouth, and, as the ſun ſhone full upon it, was co-

vered with a green ſilk blind, which threw a deep and gloomy ſhade around.

The old gentleman, with a white night-cap on his head, and in a looſe ſilk gown, ſat near the fire, covered with various kinds of pots, from which no weak odours ſcented the air. Two ſkeletons of the human ſpecies were ſtationed near the chimney. The tables, chairs, ſhelves, and even the floor were loaded with books, cups, bottles, bones, pieces of glaſs, differing in colour, ſize, and ſhape, all mingled together in a moſt happy confuſion.

The owner of all theſe good things was, at the entrance of Mr. Penready, narrowly examining a human ſcull through his ſpectacles. The moment he perceived the viſiter, he deſired him not to move, leſt he ſhould derange this regular medley of good things.

Mr. Penready, aſtoniſhed at every thing

thing he ſaw, ſtood, like a poor ghoſt charmed, without the circle. The old man opened a drawer in the table, and took out a bundle of papers tightly tied together. "Here, Sir," ſaid he, "are ſome papers which by accident came into my hands; they ſeem to have a claim to the denomination of a Novel, if Truth is no prevention. You deſpaired yourſelf of writing one; perhaps theſe may anſwer your purpoſe: write them out fair; correct the errors; improve, if you chuſe, the ſtile; but on no account alter, change, or leave out the moſt trifling circumſtance; nor muſt you add to them. That I may be ſatisfied, let me ſee each ſheet before it goes to the preſs. But if, on peruſal, you think them not worth the trouble of tranſcribing and printing, you will return them immediately. I am too buſy

buſy to aſk you to ſit down. Good morning to you." So ſaying, the old woman, who ſtood without, opened the door, and Mr. Penready, with the papers in his hand, trotted down the ſtairs.

When the happy author arrived at home, he eagerly examined his new preſent: it was ſo badly written he almoſt deſpaired of making it out. He tried patiently a whole hour, then tying the papers up, he determined to compoſe a Novel of his own. On the inſtant he ſet to work, and laboured very hard for a week; at the end of it he was become quite diſſatisfied and tired of his performance; even his ſelf-love was diſguſted and ſick of it; and his eager deſire of being a Noveliſt was completely worn out. In the midſt of a moſt critical yawn, a ſervant of his former

former patron brought him a more than polite note containing the appointment to a place of two hundred a year. His ſudden joy burſt all bounds; his purſe, rich with an old dollar, and glittering with ſix new pence, flew towards the meſſenger; he ſprung upon his legs, and ſtrutted about the room like a madman.—"Farewel, Sicilian Dames! Farewel, Oh beardleſs Pæan! Thy nine Daughters, Oh Arithmetica! Goddeſs of Numbers ſhall inſpire me: and thou, Oh heaven-ſprung Marquis!—*eris mihi magnus Apollo!* Then let Politics be the order of the day—throw Novels to the Dogs." Inſtantly he ſeized upon the various papers before him, and exhilerated his fire with the brain-ſpun ſacrifice.

He had juſt opened his deſk, and the following memoirs had ſuffered the fate of his own writings, when I was (happily

(happily I hope) diſturbed from a profound reverie, in which I was compoſing an excellent ſpeech for the new Emperor of Ruſſia. Alarmed at the uproar, I haſtily ran down ſtairs to Mr. Penready's room, and being quickly made acquainted with his great good luck, came juſt in time to reſcue them. "My dear fellow," cried he, "thy fortune is not yet made; and if the mania of authorſhip is ſtill equal to thy poverty, take theſe papers, reviſe, correct, and amend them, and I'll introduce thee to the old gentleman."

In ſhort, reader, with the conſent of the parties, and with the aid of the notes of my friend, Aminadab Penready, Eſq. I have in ſome degree ſucceeded; and after hard working for the ſpace of ſix months, produce them in their preſent form to the public. I was at firſt not

at

at all ſatisfied with the ſtile, which I attempted to improve with ſome Johnſonian elucubrations; but I ſoon was neceſſitated to give up the taſk, as I found it only gained a more motley appearance.

With great labour I have made out the whole, except the Sixth Chapter of the Second Volume, and another which, in defiance of the old gentleman's injunctions, I inſiſted upon totally erafing, as it reflected very groſsly on my (I hope) kind friends *the Reviewers*—the place of the omiſſion of that Chapter, as well as the diviſion of another, to make the original number forty-eight complete, I have no doubt will be at once perceived by them; for—

'All men and things they know, themſelves unknown.'

Before I conclude this Introduction, I might ſay a wonderful deal concerning theſe papers being evidently copied

from Nature; but the authors in general, who have attempted to make Nature an excuſe for ſimple dulneſs, ſtrange incongruities, and ungrammatical idioms, at once frighten me from that apology. If in the courſe of peruſing them, any parts ſhould ſtrike the Reader as being ſuperior in ſtile and manner, I muſt humbly beg they will attribute them to my alterations; but if, on the contrary, there ſhould be any thing harſh or lame, I deſire the whole blame may be laid upon the ſhoulders of my worthy friend, the old gentleman—as well as any errors, faults, or deficiencies in language, metaphors, or ſentiment.

There are many other remarks which it might be neceſſary for me to make concerning names and facts of an Hiſtorical kind, and which of courſe muſt impreſs themſelves upon the notice of the

the reader; but after a thorough inveſtigation of theſe ſubjects—fully obſerving that maxim of Horace, again and again to review your work—I muſt leave them as I found them, and perhaps the more mature judgment, perſonal knowledge, or political inveſtigation of others, may ſatisfactorily explain them.

I ſhall only obſerve that from the date of theſe papers I was at firſt led to expect the occurrences of the ſeventeenth century; but when I perceived the ſtrong and glaring reflections to the caſualities which the eighteenth have produced, I ſuppoſed it to be a miſtake of the original writer, and I have accordingly altered it. Yet—when I proceeded further, *I got beyond the preſent period* — I became totally loſt; nor know I how to account to the reader, unleſs he will agree with me,

that *the furor of propheſying has at leaſt reached to the Noveliſts of the day.* This he muſt allow, that the above circumſtance gives the hiſtory an undoubted right to the term NOVEL.

C. L.

PREFACE.

ANXIOUS of pleaſing my readers with a title to each Chapter, ſomewhat explanatory, without diſcovering the whole—perhaps not unlike the figures which are hung out before a puppet-ſhew, and which are very often ſuperior to the exhibition within—I conſulted three very particular friends; the firſt, a lady, preferred a bit of poetry; the ſecond, a merchant of reſpectability, a ſimple notice, in the manner of Cecilia, Camilla, and other Novels; the third, a very learned gentleman, a D. D. of Oxford, was avowedly of opinion, that by copying the example of the *Spectator*, and favouring my readers with a Greek or Latin motto, I ſhould wonderfully increaſe my

my ſale. I determined at laſt to take all three, but my bookſeller abſolutely refuſed to have any thing to do with Latin or Greek in a Novel, and declared it would frighten away all the *female* (at leaſt nine-tenths) of my readers. Accordingly I have given over all thoughts of that kind, and now, on mature deliberation, preſent them with plain Engliſh alone.

THE

Castle of St. Donats.

CHAP. I.

There was an ancient ſage Philoſopher,
That had read Alexander Roſs over,
And ſwore the world, as he could prove,
Was made of fighting and of love.
Juſt ſo Romances are, for what elſe
Is in them all but love and battles?
O'th' firſt of theſe we've no great matter
To treat of, but a world of the latter.

HUDIBRAS, Cant. II.

IT was in the month of Auguſt 17—, when Captain Grey, a gentleman of a ſmall independent fortune in the county of Wilts, went to a fair in thoſe parts to purchaſe a ſtrong uſeful horſe to take with him to the army.

Captain Grey had ſerved under R. H. D. Y. in the campaign of 17—, and had behaved with great gallantry and ſpirit, till a long fit of ſickneſs made it abſolutely neceſſary for him to return to England for the recovery of his health. The cold damps of H—— had ſeized upon his limbs, and confined him many weeks to his bed, and a malignant fever attacking him at the ſame time, it was long doubtful whether he would live to ſee, and ſtill longer before he could return to, his native country. But once returned, the genial influence of his accuſtomed air ſoon braced his limbs, and reſtored his fibres to their proper tone, and his uſual flow of ſpirits welcomed the friendly change. At the time of his departure from H——, all his military ſtud had been diſpoſed of to his brother officers, and in the melancholy evacuation which quickly after took place, fell into the hands of the enemy. In the following ſpring the regiment returned home, and was now ordered (the ſick being drafted,

new recruits added, &c. &c.) to prepare for an unknown expedition. Captain Grey was at this time in his 30th year; in his perſon, tall, handſome, and manly; in his manners and addreſs eaſy and affable; in his temper free and generous; and his mind, which was better ſtored with modern knowledge than ancient learning, was neither troubled with too much care, nor burthened with too much thought: his diſpoſition was amorous, not of that baſe luſtful kind that prowls about for the gratification of a moment, but with a heart open to every impreſſion of female beauty, nor callous even to the moſt ordinary. As Hudibras boaſted to his miſtreſs, ſo was he to the fair ſex in general,

True as the dial to the ſun,
Although it is not ſhone upon.

But of the latter he had no cauſe to complain; for rarely did he meet with ſo cloudy a face as had not a bright look in reſerve for him. Yet, with all his love for the fair,

neither mean jealouſy diſturbed his ſoul, nor private broils harraſſed his days; no—ſo totally different from his nature was every ſpecies of quarreling, that in the petty diſputes and pointed affronts which the moſt peaceable are liable to from the drunken, teſty, or fooliſh, he generally left his revenge to be meaſured by the opinion of the company preſent, or ſome friend of known honour. "What the devil," ſaid a General Officer to him once as he paſſed by him before an engagement, "could induce you, Grey, to chuſe the army? you are too good for us."—"Every female couſin I have in the world, my Lord," replied the Captain, "plagued my heart out till I had a red coat on my back; and 'tis a very pleaſant thing, my Lord, among the ladies."—"If," ſaid his Lordſhip, as he walked on to ſome military coxcombs who followed laughing, "he affects not to be a John of Gaunt, Hal is no coward." Henry was the Captain's chriſtian name; and his Lordſhip, whoſe

whoſe reading had been in his youth, was not very correct in his quotations, if a little alteration ſuited his purpoſe: and never was his Lordſhip nearer the mark than in this inſtance; for if there was a thing on the face of the earth that Captain Grey deſpiſed, it was the affectation of heroiſm.

Such were the outlines of his character. Captain Grey, on entering the fair, immediately went to that part where the horſes were exhibiting, and ſoon recognizing a charger, which had formerly belonged to an Engliſh officer, he quickly ſettled the purchaſe-money. He had come to the fair alone, and was looking about for ſome farmer of his neighbourhood, which was but ſix miles diſtant, to recommend him a boy to take his new purchaſe home, when a violent uproar in the midſt of the fair ſuddenly claimed his attention. Like a true Engliſhman, he flew at once to the ſpot, and the ſounds of "a pickpocket, a pickpocket—duck him, duck him," left him not long to

doubt the occaſion of the aſſembly, and their preſent intentions. As they dragged a meagre lad towards the pond which led the way Captain Grey came, he ſoon found himſelf cloſe to the principals; but ſo many were ambitious of being chiefs in the puniſhment, and ſcuffling each to ſeize on the victim, who, little as he was, fought his beſt to get away, that they threw him down juſt before the Captain. The boy looked up, and ſeeing a face where humanity always ſhone, cried in the moſt piteous accents—"Indeed, indeed, Sir, I am innocent."—"Whoſe pocket? who ſaw him?" ſaid the Captain, ſtruck with his ſudden appeal.—"I ſaw him," anſwered a fellow in ruffles; "damme I ſuppoſe you are one of them." This latter part of the ſpeech was intended as a cloſer to all enquiries. The Captain's blood mounted in his cheeks; he looked around him for ſome one to clear him from the imputation, regardleſs of the accuſer, and at the inſtant caught the eye of a well-known

known farmer of his acquaintance—"You, Farmer Thomſon," cried he in his loudeſt tone, "you know me well; and you—" turning round to the other, when inſtantly changing his note, "ſeize that fellow, ſeize him, and ſearch him; I remember his face." —The mob, who almoſt all knew farmer Thomſon, inſtantly obeyed, and emptied the accuſer's pockets; when five handkerchiefs of different ſorts, two ſilver watches, and a purſe were produced, and the greater part ſoon claimed by the company. In the mean time the boy had raiſed himſelf on his legs; and as this was the only pretended witneſs to his crime, was no longer aſſaulted by the company; all their rage was turned towards the ruffled gentleman, who the Captain recognized as being drummed out of his regiment for thieving and cheating. This fellow made one of a party that kept an E. O. table in the fair, but as that was in no vogue till towards the evening, and not chuſing to idle away his morning, he

amuſed himſelf with any petty thefts that came in his way. Great ſucceſs had attended his undertakings, when in the act of removing a large pocket-book, he found it was diſcovered: with ſudden preſence of mind he inſtantly dropped the book, and as readily ſwore to the party that he had caught a poor ragged looking boy in the fact, who unluckily was ſtanding by, and but for the interference of Captain Grey, had innocently ſuffered. Now the tables were turning faſt; the mob quickly hurried the villain to the pond, nor dared any of his party, who ſilently followed, ſay a word in his favour. He was completely ducked, and then horſewhipped out of the fair. The Captain, having ſaved the innocent, no longer troubled himſelf about the guilty, but going up to the farmer, whom he had before hailed, aſked him if he knew any one to take the care of his new horſe. "If your honour will let me lead him, I'll go to the world's end for ye," ſaid a voice, which he found to be the boy which he had juſt reſcued, and whoſe little heart

heart, overflowing with gratitude, kept him by the ſide of his benefactor."—"Why, where do you live?" ſaid the Captain.—"At Pilford, Sir," replied the lad; naming a place ten miles off, and directly contrary to the Captain's reſidence.—"Ah, that won't do; it's not my way."—

"I'm a poor fatherleſs boy, Sir, and got ne'er a friend in the world, Sir, but you: I don't care where I go."

"No, my houſe is too far from your village: but here is a ſhilling for you."

"Thank you, Sir, again and again, Sir; but where is the horſe, Sir?"

The Captain ſmiled;—the poor boy, who could not ſuppoſe ſuch a gift was given him for nothing, he was unwilling again to ſay nay to. "I did not give it you," ſaid he, "to take the horſe for me; but can you ride?"

"Oh, yes, Sir, I ride all Farmer Sulky's horſes to water."

"What, is he your maſter?"

"No, Sir, I've no maſter; I do it for the carter."

"Why, how came you to the fair?"

"The farmer gave me threepence to drive his pigs; and ſometimes I keep birds for two-pence a day, Sir."

"Well then you ſhall take my horſe home; you can't be worſe off, my boy." As the Captain made this determination, it had ſtruck him that ſuch a lad might be of ſervice in the garden, and about the grounds, and help an old ſervant that he intended to leave in his houſe till his return from the army.

Captain Grey's eſtabliſhment was but ſmall; a woman about fifty, who had lived in the family from a child, was the only female, and eaſily and willingly took upon herſelf the various duties of houſekeeper, cook, and ſo forth; nor had ſhe ever found the toil too great. The Captain's ſituation had not permitted him to be much at home, therefore Mrs. Mary (the name by which ſhe was known to the neighbourhood) had employed her leiſure time in making all the linen

linen that was uſed in the houſe, in pickling, preſerving, potting, with the innumerable *et ceteras* which a good houſewife eaſily underſtands, and as eaſily performs. The next in Captain Grey's domeſtic liſt was the gardener, the major-domo and commander in chief out of doors—an old grey-headed ruſtic, Abraham Wilkins by name, deeply verſed in all the learning of the country, more particularly in divinity, aſtronomy (blended with a little aſtrology), law, politics, and phyſic. In the firſt he was conſidered by all the pariſh as a match for the Curate himſelf; in the ſecond and its appertenances, he ſtood without a rival, and gave forth the ſtarry law to the amazement of his hearers; in the game law, ofttimes had a neighbouring 'Squire been known to abide by his opinion, and even conſult him on precedents and deeds of yore: in politics he had confuted and dumbfounded the exciſeman; while his phyſical knowledge had excluded each apothecary from the place. The laſt of the family was Dick, a military valet, a wild reſtleſs young

fellow; he had at an early age been forced into the army, and had ſeen more ſervice, had encountered more difficulties, dangers, and dilemmas than many profeſſed veterans of twice his ſtanding. Particular circumſtances had attached him to Captain Grey, whoſe mild and benevolent manners alone aſſuaged his violent and unſettled frame; but as there will be occaſion to introduce him in the ſubſequent part of this hiſtory, I wave any further deſcription of him. As this laſt mentioned ſervant was to accompany his maſter to the regiment, and the old gardener, advanced in years, became daily more and more feeble, the Captain had concluded that the poor boy, kept at a little expence, might aſſiſt Abraham in his abſence. Immediately then the new purchaſe was delivered to his care: but Captain Grey meeting with ſome farmer's daughters of his acquaintance, and as the old ſaying was always true with him—

That

That when a lady's in the caſe,
You know all other things give place.

So it fared with him at preſent, who, what with going to the wild beaſts, and the ſhows, and purchaſing of fairings, delayed his return till the evening. It was half paſt ſeven before they ſet off. The new ſervant on the charger felt, for the firſt time in his life, a ſeeming conſequence; and the Captain, as he turned round his head to ſee how his attendant came on, could not help remarking to himſelf, in ſpite of the meagre look and tattered garb of the youth, that he was as comely a looking boy as he had ever beheld. The new horſe had neither ſaddle nor bridle, which induced Captain Grey to ride very ſlow; and by the time he turned from the public road to the croſs one, a little more than a mile to his houſe, it began to grow duſky. On each ſide of a narrow lane, the full-leaved trees overhanging, almoſt touched at top, and ſtill increaſed the gloom. As he moved gently

gently along, and was about half way down the lane, he heard a loud whiſtle from behind; the horſe he rode at the ſame inſtant ſtarted, and directly two men leaped from the hedge, and ſeized the bridle; a third running down the lane, joined them, and with their piſtols at his head, and repeated oaths, demanded his money. The Captain did not demur, but produced his purſe, which, on account of his purchaſe, was not of much value. His watch they ſeized on next, and ſtill ſeemed unwilling to let him depart, which Captain Grey requiring, one of them exclaimed, "Yes, damme, when I have blowed out your brains; you'll duck pick-pockets, will'e! damme I know you now," and inſtantly ſtruck him on the head with the but end of the piſtol:—the Captain fell from his horſe; the animal frightened, inſtantly galloped away. The boy behind, who had been panic-ſtruck at the commencement of the buſineſs, found all his blood return; and the appearance of his patron extended on

the

the ground, the loſs of the only friend he had ever experienced, drove away every idea of perſonal danger. With uplifted ſtaff he urged his horſe forward:—But whither am I haſting? the occurrences of the evening ſurely deſerve a chapter to themſelves.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

As when a lion on Numidian plains
Is compaſs'd round by dogs and clamorous ſwains,
He from his eyes defiance caſts around,
Roars out, and proudly traverſes the ground,
Demanding generous combat, does invite
The diſtant huntſmen to a cloſer fight;
They ſtand aloof, and miſſive weapons throw,
But none dare grapple with the noble foe.

BLACKMORE'S ELIZA.

READER, if from the verge of miſery thou haſt ever found a benefactor that ſaved thee from deſtruction, thou mayeſt conceive the grateful ardour that animated the poor lad to the ſuccour of his friend. With uplifted ſtaff he urged his horſe forward. The villains,

villains, who before had little regarded him, perceived his approach with more indignation than alarm. Murder now was determined on, and they at once diſcharged their piſtols; the balls whizzed around his head. The flaſh and report were the ſignals to the old warrior;—his drooping ears rouſed at the well-known ſound; he ſnorted for the fight, and, like the attracted lightning, flew to the ſpot. No longer dilatory and ſlow, he ſeconded every motion of his rider, and ſeemed endued with the ſame ſpirit. The charge was dreadful; full upon the aſtoniſhed trio the centaur ruſhed; in vain they avoided the double ſtrokes; one flying the pawing forefoot reached, while the breaſt of a ſecond received the indignant ſpurn from behind; and in a twinkling two of the wretches fell victims by the ſide of the Captain; the third, who was the principal, leaped over the ditch, and ruſhing through the hedge, haſtened with all his ſpeed acroſs the fields. The young hero gave himſelf no time for thought, but regardleſs of every impediment,

impediment, daſhed over hedge and ditch, and inſtantly followed. In vain the purſued twiſted and turned his ſteps, and endeavoured to intimidate horſe and rider: the ſpirits of both, once rouſed, were not ſo eaſily to be appalled; yet twice did the quickneſs of his motion eſcape the charge of the warriors, and twice in paſſing had he ſtruck the youth upon the leg: again too, a third time he was avoiding the ſhock, when Vengeance, who unwillingly ſaw ſo great a villain unpuniſhed, alighted upon the top of the young hero's cudgel, and with more than common fury urged his weapon forward; it encountered the hand which held the brandiſhed piſtol, and ſtruck it from the graſp; but ſtopped not here—that part of the noſe, which the learned and unlearned unite in calling the bridge, next felt its force. The ſhock was too great for ſimple nature to ſuſtain; it ſhrunk back to its parent the face, who in ſorrow and affliction for the injury committed on its favourite, hid itſelf in the duſt. Victory, well

pleaſed

pleaſed, now ſhook her ſilver pinions, and the conqueror, perceiving his laſt opponent without motion, haſtened back to look for his patron and his friend. He ſoon returned to the lane, which was diſtant about a quarter of a mile from the ſpot where he had overtaken the enemy; but what was his ſurpriſe, when neither the Captain or the two villains were to be ſeen! It was nearly dark; the field of combat was hid by the intervening hedges, and the lateneſs of the evening: no words had paſſed between the combatants, or any noiſe, ſave the galloping of a horſe. Again and again did the youth traverſe the lane; repeatedly did he call; not a human ſound but his own voice was to be heard. Unaccuſtomed to the ways and manners of men, further than a common poor's houſe can give, he was at a loſs how to act; and even had he known, he was totally ignorant of his road, and could not even form an opinion which way to turn his horſe. The blows he had received upon his leg, began to give him ſome pain,

pain, and he naturally wiſhed to find ſome one, of whom he might be able to enquire what he was to do. He dreaded the idea of going back to his opponent, who, whether dead or alive, he had no longer any wiſh to meet; and he feared the ſight of every man, leſt he ſhould prove one of the gang. The dread of being called to account for what had lately happened alſo came into his mind, and a thouſand confuſed thoughts of what might befal him;—pariſh officers, a juſtice, and a priſon followed one another, and nothing leſs than the gallows terminated the ſcene. At laſt he reſolved to continue up the lane, the way he was going with the Captain, and truſt to chance for what might afterwards befal him. He had not proceeded far from the lane, when the diſtant tinkling of ſheep-bells ſtruck his ears; 'twas the only muſic he had ever heard, and now was doubly grateful; it ſeemed as the voice of a friend:—not the mariner when firſt he ſees his native land—not the wretched priſoner when he hears the

the tidings of his liberty—not the ſchool-boy, when the holiday morn arrives—not the country laſs, when ſhe enters the ſacred church to be made an honeſt woman of—not the ancient ſportſman, when the invigorating tally-ho nerves his ſhrivelled frame—in ſhort, nothing but my heart, my beloved ———, when firſt thou ſmile upon me, ever felt more pleaſing ſenſations than thoſe that at this moment charmed his little breaſt. It was the only ſound that had not the voice of danger; and as he liſtened for a moment he forgot his maſter, his pains, and his dangers. Inſtantly he turned his horſe towards the ſpot, which lay acroſs the downs, ſeemingly at a diſtance; and as faſt as the pain in his leg permitted, which increaſed as he grew cold, haſtened forward. He had arrived within ſight of the fold, when he perceived two men on horſeback coming towards him. He wiſhed, through natural agitation of mind, to have avoided them, which they noticing, made up to him, and enquired who he was, and where he was going? The

ſtrange account he gave, did not ſeem to theſe gentlemen ſatisfactory; for in relating the robbery, he had not mentioned the affray at the fair, and only ſaid as he was following his maſter, they were attacked, &c. The men were two farmers returning from the ſame fair, ſufficiently in liquor to have the higheſt opinion of themſelves, and to be wonderfully clear-ſighted. As ſuch, they immediately ſaw that the horſe was ſtolen, and apprehended him, incapable and unwilling to reſiſt; not conſidering the improbability that a poor boy, about twelve years of age, ſhould at that time of night be wandering with a ſtolen horſe acroſs the downs. They determined, therefore, to take him home as a criminal for the night, intending next morning to go before the Juſtice. What had fully ſatisfied theſe wiſe-acres, who were brothers, and prevented their returning with him to the field where he left his laſt antagoniſt, was, that he could not tell the name of his maſter, but ſaid that he was taken by him from the fair, and

did

did not know. Their houſe was not above four miles diſtant; one, therefore, took hold of his horſe's halter, and placing him between them, they were ſoon there. Having alighted, they conducted him in due form to the ſtable, and leaving him to the care of two labourers, went to tell their wondrous ſtory to the females within. The houſe was quickly emptied to ſee this deſperate felon; and not a female (to their credit be it ſpoken) that did not, at the firſt view, call the ſapient takers by the deſerved appellation of fools. "Ah! John, John," ſaid their mother (for they lived with a mother and three ſiſters), "this is one of thy drunken fancies; do let the poor boy go."—"Au don't know where to go," ſaid John; "ſays has a maſter; can't tell us his name; take him before Juſtice Wills to-morrow, and get a deal of money for it."—"Why didſt thee, Tom," ſaid the mother, "let thy brother do ſo? I thought thee hadſt known better."—"Why, mother," ſaid Tom, "au has got a good ſtout horſe; muſt au ſtolen him; where

where ſhould he get a horſe?"—"Don't you hear, brother," ſaid one of his ſiſters, "'tis his maſter's?" "Au don't know his maſter's name," replied the clown; "nau, nau, we won't looſe the money for taking him; and then, beſides, may likely we be raked over the coals for letting um go. Here Tom and old Will ſhall ſit up and guard him; and, Bet, you get ſome beer and victuals, and gee the boy ſome; won't ſtarve him neither."—So ſaying, the brethren went in, and the women, knowing it would be in vain to oppoſe them, began to get what information they could from the boy himſelf; in the courſe of which, perceiving him leaning againſt the wall, and in much pain, and being informed of the blows in his leg, they very humanely examined it. It was violently bruiſed; but as neither the bone was broken, nor the ſkin rubbed off, a bandage, dipped in vinegar, and braced round it, greatly took off from the pain. As his tale had every appearance of truth, in that it did not vary, they comforted him with the

the hopes of being releaſed in the morning, and hearing ſomething of his maſter; and aſſured him, for the preſent, of a good ſupper, and a comfortable bed of clean ſtraw.

The kind females made good their words; and our little hero, after a good meal, ſoon forgot all his cares in the arms of the obliterating Deity.

CHAP. III.

I, who reſolve to overſee
No lucky opportunity,
Will go to counſel to adviſe
Which way to encounter and ſurpriſe;
And, after long conſideration,
Have found one out to fit th' occaſion,
Moſt apt for what I have to do,
As Counſellor and Juſtice too.

HUDIBRAS, Cant. III.

HOW can I better begin this Chapter than by a ſmall tribute of applauſe to that philanthropy, ſo conſpicuous in the female breaſt? Not the liquid ſtream, in the moment of madneſs, is more dreaded by the canine ſpecies, than every appearance of diſtreſs

treſs by men in general, or is it more eagerly avoided. Ill-fated is the wretch who has no kind female to ſmooth his pillow, and ſoften his knotted couch! no matter if ſhe were as old as Methuſalem, as ugly as Endor's witch, and as little cared for as his great grand-mother, he ſhall find more compaſſion and pity, more real help and aſſiſtance, than from all his male relations, though he numbers them by the dozen. Mr. Pope, whatever he may have ſaid of women, in his own perſon found this to be true; and though Prior has ſneeringly remarked—

> For if weak women go aſtray,
> Their ſtars are more in fault than they;

yet a writer, who knew human nature far better, proves that true which the other meant hyperbolically; and has candidly owned, that they daily commit faults that are aſcribed to their vices, but which are in reality the offſpring of their pity or compaſſion. In ſhort, the virtues of man are chiefly thoſe attendant on proſperity; and when the day of ſor-

row, ſickneſs, and misfortune comes, we ſhould truly become moſt miſerable objects were it not for their aſſiſtance. Yes, lovely women! one individual confeſſes the truth; and while he owns there are no virtues in *our* ſex, which is not frequently poſſeſſed by *your's*, he is compelled to declare with a ſigh, that many of your's, which might adorn the man, the hero, and the chriſtian, are ſhamefully neglected, deſpiſed, and condemned. Bad would have been the fate of our poor youth, had it not been for the compaſſion of the good females before mentioned; for more than merely his ſupper and his bed was he indebted to them—their kind words ſoothed his little ſorrows, and calmed the agitation of his mind, and more contributed to his repoſe than would the ſofteſt down in the moſt ſumptuous apartments. After a ſound night's reſt, he awoke early in the morning, refreſhed and reſigned to his fate: not that he felt no anxiety for the coming cares of the day; but hope, ſmiling hope, brightened the proſpect, and raiſed

many ideas not unpleaſant to his mind. The ſafety of Captain Grey was the chief thing that troubled him. Gratitude was too firmly rooted in his breaſt to make him forget the obligations he owed him; and with the utmoſt eagerneſs he looked forward to the time that might give him that ſatisfaction. With far different thoughts did the two brothers awake from the effects of their ſotting: their broken confuſed ſlumbers had perplexed the occurrences of the former evening, while a hearty repentance of their conduct was the firſt ſentiment they agreed in. But to be ſorry came too late; and they prepared to go before the Juſtice, literally to enquire from his Worſhip how they were next to act. All the parties having breakfaſted, they ſoon ſet off, though with little the appearance of a criminal on the part of the youth. The reſidence of the magiſtrate was a few miles diſtant; and they luckily found him at home. The Juſtice was one of thoſe characters rarely met with at preſent; he was what might be

called the remains of the old Engliſh country 'Squire; he lived upon his eſtate, which in former times had been accounted large, but in theſe days, when the vaſt influence of mercantile concerns has overrun all parts of the kingdom, was not, in the ratio of money proportion, half its value. But, as he was a bachelor, it more than ſupplied all his wants, while he lived in peace and quietneſs in the manſion of his anceſtors. He was a man of a natural good underſtanding, and well verſed (particularly in the active part) in the laws of his country, and the duty of a magiſtrate. His education indeed had been no more than a neighbouring grammar-ſchool afforded; and he might be ſaid to be very ignorant of thoſe manners of the great, which is ſo frequently called a knowledge of the world. His intercourſe with the gentry around him was rare, and ſeldom amounted to more than occaſionally at public meetings, and a diſtant civility. In his early youth (his parents ſtill living), he had formed a connection with a young woman

of

of low birth, and totally againſt their conſent: by her he had had four children, and certainly would have married her on their demiſe, had not the will of his father cut him off from the eſtate if ever that event took place. What was in his power to do, he did: On his father's death, he took the woman and her children home to the houſe, and publicly acknowledged and brought them up as his own. This had given great offence to his haughty neighbours, though it was well known he had for many years before dropped all connection with her; and at preſent their apartments were at different ſides of the houſe. To this good man (for he well deſerved the epithet) our party repaired; nor waited long for an audience. The brothers, with ſome confuſion, told their ſtory, and the youth, with great ſimplicity, his. "If, farmers," ſaid his Worſhip, "you had come ſtraight from the fair, you could not have met the lad, and had prevented yourſelves 'all this trouble. I ſuppoſe this was a blunder from the George."

The farmers hung down their heads. "You, my boy," continued he, "have acted very right, and I make no doubt ſoon we ſhall get you ſome tidings of your maſter; in the mean time you ſhall ſtay at my houſe, and the horſe and yourſelf ſhall be cried the next market day at the neareſt towns." The youth thanked his Worſhip in as good terms as he was able; and farmer John, who was ſomewhat recovered from his confuſion, ſaid, "An pleaſe your Worſhip, we be very ſorry if we have done any harm; for though we were a little top-heavy or ſo, yet we did all for the beſt." His brother added, his Honour had often given them advice before, and did them a deal of good, and he'd take care to follow this too; but if they were'nt too bold, he begged to ax his Worſhip's opinion a little upon ſome law buſineſs. The Juſtice kindly ſaid, he ſhould be glad to be of any ſervice to them to prevent law buſineſs, and enquired what it was. Sam, who was the beſt ſpokeſman of the two, began—"Your Honour muſt know we be going to law

law with a great pariſh near London."—"Why, my friend?" ſaid his Worſhip.—"About a pauper, Sir, which they ſaid has its ſettlement in our pariſh, and ſo he was ſick, and they ſent him to we."—"Who was your adviſer in this buſineſs?" aſked the Magiſtrate.—"Au, Sir, we went to Lawyer Twiſty, and he told us as how we were right."

"Did I not caution you againſt that Twiſty the attorney, when you ſhewed me his laſt bill? You know, farmer, I told you it was more than he had a right to charge."

"Yes, Sir," replied John; "and when we told him ſo, he took off ten pounds, though we did'nt mention your Worſhip's name."—"But how came you to apply to him again?"——"Au ſaid he'd ſerve us as reaſonable as any body; and then, your Worſhip, Counſellor Chatter was in town, and we all went together, and axed him; and he heard all, and examined the pauper himſelf, and he ſaid we were ſure of

winning it; and ſo, Sir, we gave him a guinea as retaining fee for ſizes."—Well, my friend," ſaid the worthy Magiſtrate, "let me hear this caſe; and if I can do you any ſervice, you are very welcome to it for nothing, and at any time."—The farmers then with many thanks ſtated the caſe; and they had no ſooner finiſhed their tale, than the Juſtice aſſured them, that both Chatter and Twiſty had moſt groſsly deceived them; and that, if they continued in their litigious intentions, they would not only retain the pauper, but have the coſts of both parties to pay. The farmer looked all amazed, and rather doubtful; upon which, the Juſtice reaching a Burn off the ſhelf, pointed out a ſimilar caſe. A ſervant here entered to inform the Juſtice he was wanted; who deſired the farmers, therefore, to look it over ſteadily till he returned. As our youth is at laſt brought into ſome degree of ſafety, we will leave him a little, while the farmers are wondering over their law buſineſs, and cloſe this

this Chapter. In the next we ſhall ſee what is become of his patron, Captain Grey, whom we left ſtretched upon the ground with the two footpads.

CHAP. IV.

So when black ſtorms the ſun o'ercaſt,
The herds forſake the flowery lawn,
The frighted birds to covert haſte,
Till the dark veil's withdrawn.
His beams more glorious for th' eclipſe appear,
And joy o'erſpreads the brighten'd hemiſphere.

LUCK'S POEMS.

THE reader may remember when Captain Grey was ſtruck down, that his horſe inſtantly galloped away; and as it was not far from home, he ſoon arrived there. Dick, the valet, was leaving the garden with the old man, when, hearing the horſe coming at

at a great rate, he jumped upon the wall, and had ſcarcely time to utter the word "Damnation!" before he was off at the other ſide. Dick, we have ſaid, had been a great reprobate, but now never wilfully ſwore; as ſuch, the old gardener knew ſomething was amiſs, and haſtened away as quick as he was able. When he came into the yard, the horſe was ſtanding by the ſtable-door alone; the houſekeeper was wringing her hands and crying, for the ſound of the horſe had brought her out of doors. But no Dick was to be ſeen. Old Abraham, regardleſs of any danger, inſtantly mounted the horſe, and proceeded along the road which he knew his maſter was to come. Dick in the mean time, with that wildneſs which marked his character, and without thought, and carried only by the impulſe of his feelings, ruſhed on foot the ſame way. Every ſtep he proceeded increaſed his apprehenſion for the fate of his maſter, while the violent rate at which he ran, ſoon put him out of breath, and obliged him unwillingly to

ſlacken

ſlacken his pace: then firſt he ſaw his folly in not taking the horſe with him, and turning his head round at the ſound of a horſe's feet, he perceived Abraham faſt gaining ground upon him. At this time he was juſt entering the lane, when the firſt object that ſtruck him was his maſter extended on the ground. Inſtantly he perceived two other men not far diſtant in nearly the ſame ſituation. He ſprung to the body of his maſter, and, with horror in his look and voice, exclaimed to Abraham that he was dead. The old man diſmounted from the horſe, and, while the big drops followed one another down his furrowed cheeks, attempted to feel the pulſe. Dick in trembling ſilence waited his ſpeaking:—not more dreadful is the ſuſpenſe to the priſoner at the bar when his own life is at ſtake. The old man ſhook his head, and fumbled for his lancet. The other, without a word, ripped up the Captain's ſleeve. In a few ſeconds the blood began to flow; the Captain opened his eyes. Many people of the village, alarmed by Mrs. Mary,

Mary, had arrived at the ſpot, and ſeized on the two footpads; one of them was a miſerable object, with a leg and arm broke, and in that ſtate had attempted to crawl from the ſpot; the other had bled ſo violently in the temples from the fury of the charge, that he was equally unable, and leſs inclined, to move. The piſtols on the ground partly explained the affair; and the cry of mercy from the captive wretches, explained that they were the offenders. His faithful ſervants lifted the Captain upon his horſe, and ſupported him homeward on either ſide. Dick deſired the others to take care of the men; and in attentive ſilence they were proceeding, when the Captain, with a painful exertion, at the ſame moment uttered the words "Do take care."—When Captain Grey arrived at home, he was ſo weak, that his ſervants thought he would have fainted every moment: he was immediately put to bed, and a phyſician, who had been ſent for, ſoon arrived. This gentleman greatly commended Abraham for his reſolution in bleeding his maſter;

maſter; and begged Captain Grey, who wiſhed to ſpeak, not to fatigue himſelf by the exertion, promiſing not to leave the houſe till the morning. The Doctor, with his uſual humanity, attended, and gave orders concerning the two priſoners to the apothecary of the next village, who was lately arrived. The Doctor forbore, as it was too late, to aſk any queſtions till the morning: he returned to Captain Grey, who was aſleep, and throwing himſelf therefore on a bed, with his clothes on, he ordered Dick to call him the moment the Captain awaked. In about two hours Dick came, and the Doctor went with him to the Captain's chamber. As ſoon as he ſaw the Phyſician, he exclaimed—"Well, Sir, how is the poor boy?"—The Doctor, turning to the ſervants for an explanation, he repeated the queſtion. The ſurpriſe in the countenance of his auditors was perceived by the ſick man, who continued—"Do tell me, Doctor—is he ſafe?"—Dick, in great amaze, deſired to know of his maſter what boy he meant;

meant;—the Doctor, ordering him to be ſilent, gently aſked the ſame queſtion.—"The poor lad you found with me in the lane."—The Doctor informed him they had ſeen no boy; only two men much bruiſed had been taken, who, they found, from their own confeſſion, had attacked him. The Captain in a few words explained what had paſſed; and the Phyſician, begging him to be ſilent, aſſured him every means ſhould be taken to find the boy, and immediately ſent Abraham (for Dick was too impatient) to enquire of the priſoners. They could only inform him, that the boy had rode againſt them with ſuch fury, as to leave them in the ſtate they had been found; but they knew nothing more either of him or their companion. The Phyſician hearing this account, was in great fear he had been murdered by the other villain; and Dick was ſent with a party of men to examine the ſpot around, and look in the fields and ditches adjoining. Dick executed his commiſſion with great care, though with little

ſucceſs

ſucceſs, and did not return till long after the ſun had riſen. With a very blank face he told Abraham the failure of his errand; neither the boy nor man were to be found. The Doctor uſed every plauſible reaſon to induce Captain Grey, who was much recovered, to think the lad was ſafe; and having taken an early breakfaſt, prepared to viſit a neighbouring patient, promiſing to call on his return. This patient was no other than one of the children of the worthy magiſtrate, before whom our youth was taken. The Doctor ſoon heard from the mother that a lad was now examining before his Worſhip, under ſuſpicion of ſtealing a horſe. It occurred to him that this might be the boy, and if not, it was proper to inform the Magiſtrate of the circumſtance of the foregoing evening; and that Captain Grey intended on the morrow to bring the two footpads, if he was able to accompany them. For this purpoſe the Juſtice had been called out by his ſervant. He ſoon returned

returned with the Doctor, and addreſſing the lad, ſaid, "This, my boy, is a good friend of your maſter's, and he will aſſure you that he is ſafe."—"God be praiſed!" exclaimed the youth; and, as if releaſed from every trouble, added, "then I don't care for any thing." The gentlemen ſmiled at his uncultivated manner of expreſſing his joy; and the Doctor told him, that his maſter was not only out of all danger, but that he would take him to him immediately. Having ſhaken hands with the farmers, and thanked the worthy Juſtice for his intentions towards him, our youth departed with the Phyſician. As they entered the court-yard of Captain Grey's houſe, they met Dick, whom the Doctor calling to by name, ſaid, "Here, I've found the young warrior!" —Dick ſprung forward, and lifting him with the kindneſs of an old acquaintance from the horſe, ſhook him cordially by the hand; at the ſame time exclaiming to the Doctor, "If he was my maſter's own child, your Honour,

Honour, he could not be a finer fellow. Come, my little hero, I'll take you to the Captain." The Doctor deſired Dick not to be in a hurry, and to get the boy ſome refreſhment, while he went himſelf to inform Captain Grey that his protege was ſafe. Dick with pleaſure obeyed him. The youth, free from any care, ate hearty. Old Abraham, ſmiling, patted him on the head, and called him "good boy." Mrs. Mary ſimpered, fetched him a tart (the firſt he had ever eaten), and declared, in an audible whiſper to Dick, he was the prettieſt boy in the pariſh. Dick capered and danced about the room; aſked an hundred queſtions, and laughed heartily without waiting for the anſwer. The news that the boy was ſafe, proved the beſt cordial to Captain Grey; and the Doctor took his leave with every hope of his patient's ſpeedy recovery. Nor was he deceived: the mind being at eaſe, the body ſoon grew ſtronger; and on the third day after the accident,

Captain

Captain Grey was ſufficiently recovered to leave his chamber. The two villains were delivered into the hands of juſtice, and in the end were tranſported to the flouriſhing ſettlement of Botany Bay.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Fain would we know what happy ſpot of earth
Can boaſt your reſidence, and whence your birth?
Tho' Fortune frowns, impartial Heaven exerts
Her arm of ſuccour, and your cauſe aſſerts.

STATIUS's THEBAID, Book 5.

CAPTAIN GREY ſaw the boy the ſame day he came, before the worthy Doctor left him; and had alſo frequent conferences with him afterwards, while he was yet confined. He found him endued with a very ſtrong mind, though artleſs and uncultivated: and ſuch an heroiſm (or elſe it was the partiality of the Captain) ſeemed written in his character, that he could not prevail on himſelf to

to fix the youth in the ſtation of a ſervant. Captain Grey made great enquiries concerning his relations, the reſult of which was, that he had been brought up by the pariſh; his mother, an unknown ſtranger, ſtopping at a public houſe on the road, had been ſuddenly taken with the pains of child-birth, and had periſhed in the delivery.

The Captain, who had the youth's intereſt more and more at heart, determined to make ſuch enquiries in perſon, as might lead to a more ſatisfactory account; and accordingly, taking the boy and Dick along with him, he ſet out to the village which had given birth to our young hero. As I have now mentioned him to our readers as the hero of my tale, it will not be amiſs if I go back a few years in his life, and introduce him more regularly to their notice by a proper name. Farmer Dobbins, of the pariſh of Pitford, had juſt riſen from his bed, and was walking acroſs his ground to the Fighting-Cocks in that village, to take his regular

regular morning's whet, when he perceived the ſervaint maid of the public-houſe buſtling towards him. He had ſcarce time to be ſurpriſed before ſhe informed him, that a poor travelling young woman, who had come to their houſe the over-night, had been brought to bed of a boy; that the child was alive and well, but the mother was dying. The farmer, with due dignity, rebuked her for taking in ſuch people; and, quickening his pace, ſoon reached the houſe. He was met at the door by the landlord, who proteſted again and again that he was ignorant of her ſituation; and that he had no doubt, from her appearance, ſhe had good friends, who would take care of the child if it lived. The farmer was for going at once into the room to ſee her, and enquire about her pariſh, but was prevented by the landlord aſſuring him, that the woman was unable to give him any anſwer; and that, as his wife was with her, ſhe would certainly make thoſe neceſſary enquiries.—" But what think ye of a glaſs of this, Mr. Dobbins? a

new

new ſample old Poach brought me yeſterday," holding up a bottle he held in his hand, and pouring it into a glaſs he had ready. "Here," continued the landlord, "taſte this, Mr. Dobbins, 'twill keep out the damps this cold morning." Had Mr. Dobbins been haſtening to be married, nay, had he even been flying from his ſpouſe, this charm would have ſtaid him; it acted upon him as the golden bait did on the fair Atalanta, and the earthly nectar had oftentimes ſwerved him from the intended point. The farmer did not wait to be aſked twice, but, drinking off the brandy, pronounced it to be excellent. "As I ſhall get this pretty reaſonable," ſaid the landlord, "I can afford to give a glaſs or two to a friend like you, Mr. Dobbins. Come, let us walk into the bar; there we can judge better of it, and Molly will ſoon come and tell us all about the woman. Well, well," as ſoon as they were ſeated in the bar, "let the

worſe come to the worſe, 'tis but one child to take care of; and ten to one he does n't live. As for the mother, ſhe has got enough to bury her handſomely."—"What, is ſhe dead then?" replied the farmer.—"No; but I ſuppoſe ſhe wont live."

"How do you know ſhe has any money?"—"She ſhewed us ſome when ſhe deſired us to ſend for a doctor." With ſuch like diſcourſe, an equal mixture of lies and truth, but chiefly by the help of the bottle, the landlord detained the farmer till his wife came. In about an hour ſhe burſt into the room, and informed them the poor traveller was dead. The farmer then got up to ſee the corpſe, and was ſhewn into the room where upon a bed the dead body lay. He perceived a young woman plainly dreſſed; and, aſking for the child, the landlady told him ſhe had ſent it, wrapped in an handkerchief, to a poor woman who had loſt her own, of which ſhe had lately

been delivered, and who lived not many doors off. Farmer Dobbins desired the landlady to search the pockets of the deceased while he was there; and first she produced a purse with five guineas, (this was the most agreeable sight to the farmer); a torn pocket handkerchief, a thimble, scissars, and needle-case, made up the total. No paper or pocket book could be found to explain who she was; but they informed the farmer, that she had walked last night to their house, and talked of taking the coach to Bath the next morning. With the assistance of the landlord, the farmer next drew up a description of her person and apparel, and determined to have the same advertised in the country papers. As some time must elapse before this could be noticed, and as sufficient money to defray the funeral expences was found, he gave orders about it. The landlady proposed purchasing her clothes, and accordingly offered two guineas for the

whole. This was evidently more than their value, and was at once agreed to; and the farmer, taking another glaſs, left the whole buſineſs to be ſettled by the landlord and his wife. Immediately the young woman was put in her ſhroud, and three days after ſhe was buried. Her perſon and dreſs (how unlike the deſcription!) were advertiſed in the papers, but no one appeared to own her. One perſon indeed had called ſome time afterwards, and wiſhed to ſee her clothes, which on being ſhewn, he profeſſed he had no knowledge of the wearer; here the affair ended. The child's foſter mother died, and he was placed in the work-houſe. He had been chriſtened by the name of John, and ſurnamed in the pariſh, by the appellation of Smith (the landlord's name), and was at the preſent time as good a Jack Smith of his inches as any in the three kingdoms. This was the ſubſtance of the Captain's enquiry at Pilford. The landlord, Smith, had long left the place; but before the Captain de-

parted, he thought proper to get a certificate of the boy's birth, with memorandums of a few other particulars that he thought might at any future period be of service to our hero.

CHAP. VI.

Hobbes clearly proves that every creature
Lives in a ſtate of war by nature;
The greater for the ſmaller watch,
But meddle ſeldom with their match.
A whale of moderate ſize will draw
A ſhoal of herrings down his maw;
A fox with geeſe his belly crams;
A wolf deſtroys a thouſand lambs.

SWIFT.

SOME weeks had elapſed ſince Captain Grey took Jack under his protection; in which time he had ſo ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of the family, that it was difficult to ſay with whom he was moſt a favourite. His wild ſpirit had endeared him to

to Dick; his natural good ſenſe and quick capacity had warmly intereſted Abraham in his favour; while his conſtant good temper and open countenance completely won the heart of Mrs. Mary. To the Captain too, gratitude ſo ſtrongly appeared in every little act of the boy's, that that gentleman found himſelf more and more inclined to become his protector. About Chriſtmas Captain Grey received poſitive orders to be ready to embark with his regiment in the ſpring. The expanding mind of young Smith had ſo forcibly intereſted the Captain, that he had long relinquiſhed his firſt intention of leaving him to aſſiſt Abraham in his abſence; and as he was determined not to take the boy abroad, he was much concerned in what manner to provide for him. He wiſhed not to take him from his original ſtation in life; but his abilities ſeemed ſo far beyond thoſe that are neceſſary for ſimple labour alone, that he thought he did but his duty in giving him the opportunity of further improving himſelf. While he

thought on the beſt means of accompliſhing his intentions (for expence alſo was a very neceſſary conſideration), Jack, ſtill aided by the rough learning of Abraham, ſhewed himſelf, by every action of his life, more worthy his notice. With all the impetuoſity of youth, yet would he patiently attend upon the ſlow dictates of the old man; and with all the fire of native courage, his little heart would melt, and the tear fall, when the tale of ſorrow claimed his attention. It happened in the Chriſtmas week, as he ſat liſtening to the voice of Abraham, who was reading by the fire-ſide, a ſudden noiſe in the ſtreet claimed their attention. The Captain dined from home; Dick was gone a revelling to the next village; and Mrs. Mary, who never left home but at this ſeaſon, was abſent on a viſit to her neighbours. Abraham had been afflicted with a fit of the rheumatiſm; and, the uproar increaſing, deſired Jack to ſee what was the matter. Jack had ſcarcely been gone a moment before he returned,

and,

and, ruſhing into the parlour, ſeized on his maſter's ſword, and was off again in an inſtant. To Abraham's enquiries he eagerly anſwered, "Poor Tom Jennings!" and left him in as much confuſion as ever. Tom Jennings was an honeſt induſtrious man, who lived next door to the Captain, and had been many years in the ſea ſervice; he had received a wound in his thigh in the glorious ——; was diſcharged, and retired to his friends in the country. Soon after an uncle died, and left him a ſmall eſtate of twenty pounds a year; he was ſince married, and ſupported his aged father and mother by his labour and little property. This man was a great favourite of Jack's, who often, as he helped him in his grounds, heard with no ſmall pleaſure his naval anecdotes. A ſailor, who had known Jennings, but was commenced common beggar, had ſeen him at the fair; and, as he was a wretch, void of every thing worthy the name of goodneſs, had, for the ſake of a petty reward, informed a preſs-gang where he might

be found. This was the occaſion of the noiſe; the preſs-gang had ſeized on poor Tom, and were carrying him off in defiance of the lamentations of his wife, parents, and family, and the weak oppoſition of a few neighbours: ſome had ruſhed from their barns with their flails; others had ſeized upon prongs, pitchforks, and the firſt weapons that came to hand, but ſtill feared to attempt a reſcue againſt the drawn cutlaſſes and preſented piſtols of the enemy. Jack quickly headed the country party with his maſter's ſword, and ever and anon held it to the face of the lieutenant that commanded the preſs-gang. The other, thus aſſaulted by a boy, was at a loſs how to act; was unwilling to ſtrike at ſo weak an opponent, and wiſhed only to retreat as quickly as poſſible with his prey. The women likewiſe were of ſome uſe in this affray; their tongues moſt ably beat the alarm to thoſe who had not yet joined the defenders, while the aſſailants found themſelves in no very pleaſant ſituation from the liberal abuſe they moſt

moſt plentifully beſtowed upon them. In this manner the confuſion continued for ſome time, while the lieutenant and his gang ſlowly proceeded up the ſtreet, and the country party leiſurely retreated with their faces towards the foe. The battle was in array, only waiting for the ſignal to begin. Now had they gained the end of the village, and began quickening their paces, when our young hero, throwing away all perſonal danger, and ſtruck only with the loſs of his friend, commenced the fight by ruſhing impetuouſly againſt their chief. Fortune favours the bold; and ſo it proved, for his ſword happily encountered the right hand of his adverſary, and pierced through that part where the knuckles brace the graſp. The cutlaſs harmleſs fell to the ground from the hardy villain's hand. At the ſame moment, to intimidate the countrymen, ſome of the ſailors had fired their piſtols over their heads. This had its effect; the country party ſtarted backward, and the day had been loſt but for the timely attack of our youth. They

ſaw the weapon fall from the leader, and again they ruſhed forward, and reſcued our little hero from the threatening blow of one of the ſailors. The aggreſſors ſtopped, and grouping together with the priſoner (before handcuffed) in their rear, ſhewed a moſt formidable front. The lieutenant graſped his ſword with his left hand, and again was marching forward, when ſuddenly, to the great joy of the one, and utter confuſion of the other, a large party of men with ſtrong cudgels were ſeen running towards them. Jack ſoon perceived Dick among the foremoſt, who by ſome nimble-heeled young females had been alarmed at the gambols, and inſtantly with his friends haſtened to the reſcue. A parley was aſked by the ſailors, who talked of duty, obedience, neceſſity, and ſo forth. Dick, as ſpokeſman, ſwore every one of the ſet ſhould be ducked, unleſs they immediately releaſed the priſoner, and laid down a couple of guineas for all parties to drink. The terms were too degrading: the Goddeſs of Diſcord exultingly ſounded her

her trumpet, and a dreadful fight was about to commence, when Captain Grey and ſome other gentlemen happily galloped up to the ſcene of action. The combatants pauſed. One of the gentlemen was a naval officer, whoſe word was law. He enquired into the merits of the caſe; and, after ſeverely rebuking the lieutenant for his dirty behaviour, ordered them to releaſe the man, and depart. "Since, Sir," ſaid Captain Willis to the officer, "you cannot diſcriminate in a buſineſs of this kind, I will take care you ſhall not be employed in it for the future; it is by ſuch conduct as this, that the moſt reſpectable term in the kingdom, the name of a Britiſh ſailor, becomes contemned, and I am ſorry to ſay, very little better liked than that of the common robber. My honeſt friend," continued he, ſhaking Tom Jennings by the hand, "I am glad to ſee you free; and I beg you will take this guinea to treat your friends with." Obſerving our young hero, who ſtill ſtood in the group, with the ſword in his hand, the point of which

which was bloody, he enquired into the circumſtance, and who he was. The Captain told him he was a boy he had taken under his care; and that he ſhould know the particulars by and by. The naval officer was an old acquaintance, whom he had met at dinner, and was now going home with Captain Grey; the other gentlemen were neighbours, and had taken this village for the ſake of company in their way home from the houſe where they had all dined. As ſoon as Captain Willis was ſeated in the parlour, he again aſked about Jack;—he was told the particulars. "I ſuppoſe, Grey," ſaid he, "your regiment is going to the Weſt Indies; you won't take the boy with you?—" Certainly not; the yellow fever rages there more violently than ever."

"Then, if you have no objection, and the youth likes it, I will make a ſailor of him. I go to ſea next week; and if the boy behaves well, I will puſh him forward as faſt as poſſible."

"I thank

"I thank you, Willis, for the offer; and I am pretty certain Jack would have no objection. I did intend he ſhould have ſtayed here with Abraham till my return; but his abilities and turn of mind are ſo ſuperior to a menial ſervant, I have obſerved ſuch ſpirit and heroiſm in the youth, that I have long dropped that idea."

"Then my offer is the very thing to the purpoſe; ſend for the boy in."

"Stop for a moment; there is one objection."

"Damn the objection; what is it?"

"Jack can neither read nor write to ſpeak of; and you well know a ſhip is not the beſt literary ſchool in the world."

"What do you mean then to do with him?"

"I'll tell you," continued Captain Grey; "I have written to my old ſchool-fellow, Freeman, who, you know, has buried himſelf among the mountains in Wales; told him Jack's ſtory, and begged him to take the care of the youth in my abſence, and ſend him

him to any ſchool in his neighbourhood. You know Freeman well; though no man better qualified to teach him, I did not dare to hint at the idea, or I had ſpoiled all: but I doubt not, if Freeman once has him under his care, he will imperceptibly help him forward. I ſhall more rely on Jack's improvement under the inſpection of Freeman, than under the tuition of the great Dr. Lexicon himſelf."

"Well, Grey, I think you can't do better, though I am ſorry to loſe the boy; but in a few years time, if you have a mind to ſend him to ſea, and the boy goes on well, remember me. You have heard me often ſay I have no relation in the world I care for; and I ſhould be glad to take under my protection ſo likely a lad as your's."

"You have no doubt then," ſaid Captain Grey, changing the converſation, "that your niece and her huſband were among the unhappy victims in France."

"Yes, poor fooliſh young man, he was the cauſe of his own ruin; as fine a young fellow

fellow as ever lived. I believe you know he was the ſon of the Duke de Meritè, one of the firſt noblemen in France. Travelling through England about fifteen years ago, he danced with poor Nelly at Weymouth; he was introduced by the Duke of C———, with whom I had been a meſſmate."—"I have heard part of the ſtory," ſaid Captain Grey; "ſhall I trouble you to tell the particulars?"—"Willingly," replied the other; "it is an ungrateful ſtory indeed, but you have heard the chief." The Marquis de Valeur (as he was then titled), was one of the few French characters that can pleaſe an Engliſhman; with all that livelineſs ſo peculiar to his nation, he had the blunt honeſty of a Briton; and his word once given, was as tenaciouſly obſerved as if he had confirmed it by a thouſand oaths. Diſguſted with the French government, and more particularly with the ficklenes and inſincerity of the Court, with an unreſtrained education of a nobleman of the firſt rank, with ſtrong natural abilities, and a bold mind,

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not to be led aſtray by the ridiculous cuſtoms of others, he had early begun to think for himſelf, to diſpraiſe his own government, and extol the Engliſh conſtitution. Diſſatisfied at home with every thing around him, he had prevailed with his parents, or, more properly he had thought proper, to make the tour of England. His warm liberal heart quickly felt the difference; and the company of the firſt wits and moſt ſenſible men of the day at the parties of the P. of W. and the Duke, when the converſation was unreſtrained by any formal reſpect, could not but be in the higheſt degree acceptable to a mind ſo liberal as his. He ſoon became known, and was noticed by the elder Princes of the Royal Family. Ever greedy after knowledge, he attended the Duke of C. to view the ſhipping; and after a party of pleaſure at ſea, had landed with him at Weymouth. The Duke had preſented him to my niece as the prettieſt girl in the room for a partner; but how was our Frenchman ſurpriſed when he found her as ſenſible as

ſhe

ſhe was pretty! Ah! Grey, you remember poor Nelly; when you was but a boy, ſhe uſed to ſay you was the beſt-tempered child in the kingdom." The veteran got up, blew his noſe, threw up the window, ſaw the ſnow upon the ground, and ſat down again. The Captain wiped his face. "'Tis very warm, Grey," ſaid the other, and continued his ſtory. "It was at Weymouth where the acquaintance firſt began; and our young nobleman, who had withſtood all the firſt beauties of Paris and of London, found himſelf entangled by the artleſs charms of a country parſon's orphan, without a ſixpence in the world.

"The next day he accompanied the Prince to London; and, to my great ſurpriſe, called upon us in the morning, to aſk my permiſſion to renew the acquaintance, as he propoſed returning to Weymouth in a few days. Two days after he called on us again, and, prejudiced as I was againſt the name of a Frenchman, I could not help being pleaſed with him. He continued at Weymouth a month

month, and was with us almoſt every day. His acquaintance was ſmall and reſpectable; he kept no carriage, but lived in a plain family way, without any affected ſtile or ſhew. At the end of a month, he called upon me one morning, and aſked to ſpeak to me upon a buſineſs of ſome importance. In a few words he profeſſed his love for my niece; that he was perfectly acquainted with her family and expectations; that he was, and always would be, his own maſter, and only waited for my approbation to publicly pay his addreſſes. I told him he had better not think any more of it; that her ſituation in life was ſo humble, his family would never agree to it; and I thought he would do right to relinquiſh it at once. In ſhort, Grey, he was too true a lover to give up his point; and about a year after their firſt acquaintance, they were married in London. In the mean time he had informed his father of his intentions; and, by his deſire, the P. of W. the D. of C. and the famous Duke of Orleans (the infamy of whoſe character was not

not then fully known), wrote to him upon the ſame ſubject. They aſſured him that, though ſhe was a woman of no great family or fortune, ſhe was the daughter of a clergyman, the niece of a naval officer, (I believe my character was made the moſt of), and a woman of the very firſt reputation for beauty, prudence, and ſenſe. The father did not refuſe his conſent; and I had the pleaſure of giving my dear girl to a man ſhe truly loved, and who as truly deſerved her. About this time the diſturbances began to threaten in France, and Nelly accompanied her huſband abroad. The Marquis de Valeur did all in his power to promote a liberal government and free monarchy; but his former ardour for liberty had too ſpeedily haſtened the criſis, the conſequence of which was (for I cannot bear to enter into paticulars), that the curſed wretches, unworthy of freedom, murdered the unhappy Duke and his family; and ſhortly after my ill-fated nephew and niece fell victims to their ingratitude. You have ſeen in the public papers the

the circumſtances of his death, and even his ſpeech to the populace; I can ſcarcely credit that he ever uttered it. The laſt account I had from them, he was attempting to ſend his wife to England, unable to come himſelf for a wound received in revenging his father's death. Soon after the maſſacres were renewed, I heard no more; twelve years are paſſed by, and I would forget the dreadful hiſtory. They left no child. I have loſt my poor Nelly, and have not a near relation exiſting." Captain Willis pauſed; then added, with a forced ſmile, "You ſee, Grey, what a good ſituation mine would have been for your boy."

"And I hope in a few years will be," replied the other, "when he has laid the foundation of a good education."

"Oh, yes," ſaid Captain Willis, "we can find him plenty of time to ſtudy on ſhip-board, and the Chaplain ſhall help him on."

"I'll ſend for Jack," ſaid Captain Grey, ringing the bell, "and let him know your kind

kind intentions; and, as I have written to Freeman, if he will take the management of him for a couple of years (for I had an order yesterday to join my regiment, and to be ready to embark in a month), he will be of a good age for a young sailor."—"He is about twelve years old at present?" said Captain Willis.—"He is," replied the other. Jack entered; and being asked whether he liked to go to sea, answered, "Very much indeed," thinking he was to accompany his master; but when he found that was not the case, and that Captain Grey did not mean to permit him to accompany him abroad, he no longer concealed his disappointment. His master explained to him the gentleman's intention concerning him; and Jack answered, that whatever Captain Grey thought proper, he was very willing to agree to, and that he was much obliged to the gentleman for his kindness. Here the affair at present rested. Captain Willis remained at his friend's a week, and perfectly agreed with Grey about the youth. In the mean time the Majority

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in Captain Grey's regiment became vacant, and was purchaſed by him. He alſo received, the latter part of the week, an anſwer from his friend Freeman, which was to the following purpoſe: "That he accepted the charge of young Smith, and that he purpoſed, in a week or two, to take a journey to London, intending to call on him as he went home." He concluded by ſaying, "I ſhall ſend your young hero to a ſchool about two miles from hence, and according as he conducts himſelf, ſhall he be treated by me. He will go every morning to the ſchool, which is kept by a worthy brother curate, an excellent ſcholar; the terms are a guinea the quarter. The boy will take his dinner along with him in the the morning, and return to St. Donats in the evening. I certainly ſhall take nothing for the trifling expence of his board with me, till I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you at the head of a regiment, when, if you think proper to offer me the chaplainſhip, I ſhall not refuſe it."

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As the contents of this letter ſtopped the worthy ſailor's intentions for the preſent, he left our new-made Major the following day. Nothing material happened before the young clergyman arrived; his ſtay was but ſhort with Major Grey, as he was obliged to be at home by the next Sunday. Jack took leave of his old friends with a very ſorrowful heart: poor Mrs. Mary, who had flattered herſelf with his company in his maſter's abſence, gave a plentiful vent to her tears; old Abraham thought it a great pity, and doubted if any Welch parſon was a better ſcholar than himſelf; and Dick, biting his lips to prevent the willing oath, did nothing but run about the houſe all the day before. The Major, as well as the reſt, felt himſelf concerned at the ſeparation, but had more prudence to conceal it.

I ſhall not mention the many kind and friendly things which were ſaid to him by all parties before his departure; but, without any further ceremony, conduct our young hero to the reſidence of the Welch curate, to

whom Major Grey had ordered him to be obedient as to himſelf. "Here, Jack," ſaid the Major to him as they were about to depart, "are five guineas for pocket-money. If you behave well, Freeman I am ſure will be a friend to you, whatever may happen to me. Mind your book, mind your duty; never do an act you are aſhamed to own, and never, on any account, tell a lie." With tears the poor little fellow promiſed to be obedient; how far he was ſo, the ſubſequent hiſtory will tell.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Thy ſpirit, Independence, let me ſhare,
Lord of the lion-heart, and eagle-eye;
Thy ſteps I follow, with my boſom bare.
Nor heed the ſtorm that howls along the ſky.
Deep in the frozen regions of the north
A Goddeſs violated brought thee forth;
Immortal Liberty! whoſe look ſublime
Hath bleach'd the tyrant's cheek in every varying clime.

SMOLLET.

WILLIAM Freeman, under whoſe care our young hero was left, was a man of good family, and reſpectable connections, who had early in life loſt his parents. Left with a ſmall independent fortune, he had too ſoon felt that independence. With no one to guide or direct him, with guardians indeed, but to-

tally indifferent to his perſon, he had not only learned to think, but to act for himſelf Without looking forward to his future welfare, they had ſent him to a public ſchool; and this had moſt effectually prevented his ſettling in any mercantile concern. At the age of eighteen, finding himſelf ſtill unprovided for in any ſituation, he entered himſelf at the Univerſity of Oxford. Here, as little noticed as before, he paſſed away his four years in the ſame unſettled manner as at firſt, and for want of ſome ſteady friend, more irregular than ever in his conduct. He became a party in many wild ſchemes he was totally indifferent about; and, having frequently come under the notice of the Proctors, at laſt had his degree put back the very term before he was to have taken it. Diſpirited, diſſatisfied, and diſappointed, he haſtened to London, took apartments in the Temple, and was ſoon involved in all the diſſipation of that gay city. Again ſick of life, of falſe pleaſure, he began to look into his affairs, and to his great ſurpriſe, found that inſtead

of receiving at the age of one-and-twenty, as he had always expected, a very handſome fortune, he had little more than two thouſand pounds. Conſcious that his independence was now confined to a very narrow ſcale, he applied himſelf, to what he had before neglected, his ſtudies; again entered his name at Oxford, for in his rage he had taken it out of the books; took his B. A. degree, and in two years after his M. A. He was next ordained deacon, and prieſt; and meeting with a ſituation that ſuited his ſolitary, I may ſay romantic, turn in Wales, he accepted of the curacy. He had never indulged any hopes of preferment in the church, and ſeemed ſettled for life in the old ruinous caſtle of St. Donats, about half a mile from his cure in the county of Glamorgan. His apartments in the caſtle he hired of the farmer who rented the eſtate, paid him ſix guineas a year, and was at liberty to uſe what part of the caſtle he thought proper, except a ſmall ſuit of apartments, which were ready furniſhed, and generally let to travel-

lers in the ſummer ſeaſon, who wiſhed to retire for a few months to the ſea, cloſe to which St. Donats was ſituated. Reader, ſhall I give thee a deſcription of the ſituation of St. Donats? No—ſo many excellent ones thou mayeſt read in various other caſtles that have been deſcribed by ancient and modern writers, that I ſhall willingly ſpare myſelf the trouble. Yet let me remind thee that upon a high rocky beech, that commands a full view of the entrance of the Severn, ſtands the old Caſtle; vaſt, ruinous, and dreary, with its due proportion of rooms, turrets, and battlements.

Mr. Freeman was near the ſame age as Grey, and brought up with him at Eton. He had reſided here five years. His income, together with his curacy, was about one hundred and fifty pounds a year. He kept two ſervants, a man and his wife, plain people, natives of the place. He rarely went from home, except once a year to London to viſit ſome old friends; and found himſelf

ſelf at the year's end perfectly clear in the world, as independent as ever. One hundred and fifty pounds a year in the hands of a philoſophiſing man of ſenſe, in the mountains of Wales, will do wonders; and as Freeman's only care was, that he did not exceed the mark, he by no means wiſhed to ſave a tittle. The great good he was able to do, and did do, in the country, was aſtoniſhing, and might make many, who can afford to ſpend more in a week than he in a year, hide their diminiſhed heads. The little diſappointments in life, which the impetuous independence of his mind had led him into, had by no means ſoured his temper; and though the haſty glow of anger did ſometimes break through the philoſophic patience he daily laboured to be maſter of, he was never peeviſh, croſs, or fretful. His conſequence among the neighbourhood was very great; for excluſive of his good will to all, he openly befriended the induſtrious, honeſt, and worthy, and diſcounte-

nanced, on every occaſion, the idle and diſſolute; while his words taught them piety, his actions were the pure teſts of his morality; and injuſtice from the firſt farmer in the place to the petty pilferer of an orchard, was certain to be reprobated and condemned by him. Thus it was in his conduct he made no diſtinction; and that independence he gloried in himſelf, he conſtantly ſhewed was true by his impartiality to others. Major Grey had always looked up to him as a character which, in point of reſolution and perſeverance, he was unable to attain himſelf; and, while he thought Freeman carried his independence a great way too far ever to get preferment in the church, he could not help admiring, even while he condemned it. Freeman's perſon was tall and thin, his face open and engaging, his manners more looſe than eaſy; and when he ſpoke, the phyſiognomiſt could eaſily diſtinguiſh a cynical ſmile on his

his countenance. — Ah! how unlike the fawning brow of a ſycophant, or the ſupercilious ſneer of the miſanthropiſt!— "Did a man like this," my female readers will ſay, "never experience the power of love, what a wretch he muſt be if that is the caſe." But it was not the caſe: Freeman had never been indifferent to the fair ſex; but an early diſappointment of that nature, owing to the want on both ſides of pecuniary concerns, had nipped it in the bud; and this, perhaps, had added to his deſire of retirement, and made him careleſs of the world. Yet ſtill the company of the fair ſex was at all times courted by him, and almoſt the only thing that induced him to ſeek ſociety. He diſregarded indeed the haughty airs of the conſcious beauty, or proud family Miſs; and laughed at the ready ſmiles and fantaſtic ſnares of the coquette, or the affected modeſty of the prude; but with the higheſt pleaſure he converſed with the mild unaſſuming maid,

formed in Nature's mould artleſs and innocent; and was ever ready to oblige with the polite attentions of a man of good nature and ſenſe. Such was Freeman, of whom a fair lady once ſaid, "that he wanted but ambition to make him a perfect hero."

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
It is ever, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO preſent the reader a caſtle without a ghoſt, is, to the man of taſte, a diſh without ſauce, a veniſon dinner without the paſty; to the man of feeling it is the trap without the bait, a play-houſe without a pretty girl; to the antiquarian the ruſt, the venerable ærugo! removed; to the literati, the precious volumes of antiquity in a modern edition:

to the female reader it is as bad as a ſoldier without a red coat, a race-courſe without carriages, a ball-room without a partner, or the pew of a country church and the curtain drawn around it. An old caſtle without a ghoſt, is like a gameſter wanting a bet, a courtier a lie, a pretty maid an excuſe. A ghoſt is to the caſtle, as the General to the French troops, or the ſailor to the Britiſh ſhips. A caſtle without a ghoſt, is fit for nothing but—to live in; and, were it generally the caſe, the poor noveliſt might ſtarve, and the bookſeller publiſh ſermons. Had not my caſtle been luckily honoured by a viſiter of this kind, I had never ventured to tranſmit theſe authentic memoirs to the eyes of the public, nor had I contaminated their genuineneſs by the introduction of a fictitious being. Happily for me the credit of my ſpectre baffles all doubt; and its appearance is as well known, as it is clearly authenticated.

In ſo rude, ſo wild, and romantic a ſpot as the rocky cliffs of St. Donats afforded towards the ſea, ſo vaſt, ſcattered, and confuſed

confuſed a building in itſelf, it is not to be wondered at, that thoſe demi-inhabitants of the other world ſhould think proper to take up their reſidence here. There was ſcarcely a room in the houſe that had not had the credit of a viſitant of this ſort; but there was a retired ſpot among the broken rocks between the caſtle and the ſea, that was particularly famous and calculated for that purpoſe. In the centre of this ſpot, which was completely hid by wild buſhes, and rendered dangerous to thoſe not thoroughly acquainted with an irregular winding path, by the vaſt chaſms and fractures in the rock, was a large and deep Well. This well was of the greateſt uſe to the herdſmen and ſhepherds, or it had long before the preſent period been ſtopped up; it was very capacious, and afforded a remarkable fine ſpring of water, for the goodneſs of which many of the inhabitants gave the ghoſt credit that was ſaid to reſide at the bottom. After duſk none of the neighbourhood were ever known to approach the ſpot;

and

and if by chance the rude and prying eye of the inquiſitive traveller treſpaſſed on its ſanctity, the trifling accidents, which generally happened from the unevenneſs of the ground, and from the pointed and maſſy ſtones with which it was covered, were a plain demonſtrative to the ruſtic that the treſpaſs was offenſive to the ghoſt, and that he ſhould forbear for the future. The well had been known for ages by the name of the Well of the Spirit; and a little before Mr. Freeman came to the ſpot, the ſtory was revived with ſuch ſtrong circumſtances, that the moſt creditable inhabitants of the place for ſenſe and erudition believed there was ſomething ſupernatural belonged to it. The laſt curate had publicly confeſſed he had twice ſeen it: the firſt time by accident, as he was taking an evening's walk, it paſſed him at a little diſtance, and ruſtled through the labyrinth; as it was the ſummer time, he had the reſolution to watch till the morning-then, with the aſſiſtance of the herdſmen, who came to water their flocks, he examined

the

the ſpot around; but all in vain; no marks of footſteps could be traced on the dew, no veſtige of an human form was to be perceived.

A few nights after he ſet up with two of the country fellows not far from the well, each armed with a gun and ſoldier's ſword. As the clock of the old building ſlowly ſtruck the hour of twelve, a figure of no very pleaſing appearance ſeemed to riſe from the well, and fix its fiery eyes on the alarmed ſpectators: boldly, with one accord, they fired their guns; the ſpectre, unhurt, ſhook its hoary locks, then uttered, in an hollow and melancholy tone, "Begone, and trouble me not!" and inſtantly vaniſhed. The clergyman alone heard the words; the affrighted ruſtics had thrown down their weapons, and ruſhed with horror from the ſpot. The prieſt was a man of courage and reſolution; but thus deſerted, no longer could ſuſtain the ſhock; his ſenſes were appalled; more leiſurely he retreated along the path, wrapt in gloomy doubts and alarm. The

unhappy countrymen had frequently fallen in their fright; and when they reached the old door of the manſion, exhibited a ſpectacle ſufficiently dreadful to fright the honeſt farmer, who with ſome friends were waiting for the iſſue. He had come to the door at their knocking, but as ſoon as he perceived the bloody objects that preſented themſelves before him, he fled with equal haſte to the hall, to the terror and confuſion of the company aſſembled. The contagious panic ſpread; all were in alarm and uproar, and it was not till after the clergyman arrived, that quiet was at all reſtored. In a voice, neither bold nor audible, he called together the ſcattered parties that were running about the caſtle, and aſſured them they had nothing to fear. He next turned his attention to the diſmayed countrymen who had accompanied him, and giving them a dram or two each, their ſpirits were in ſome degree recruited to ſatisfy the curioſity of the reſt of the company. All being again aſſembled in the great hall, the curate told them,

them, that they had indeed ſeen a figure riſe from the well, whoſe head was encircled with a bloody bandage; that the face was pale as death, and the eyes unuſually bright; that they had fired at the object, which, ſo far from being injured, ſhook its hoary locks, and as it ſpake with a deep hollow voice, ordered them to depart from thence, and directly ſunk again into the well. Nothing elſe, he aſſured them, had happened; but that he no longer doubted it was a being of another world. The two other men ſhook their heads, as if ſomething more had happened; and the moment the curate had retired to his room, they related their ſtory, and mutually appealed to one another for the truth, which they as mutually corroborated. They attributed the wounds in their faces and limbs to the immediate agency of the ſpirit, which they ſwore followed them in a flame of fire; and the landlord affirmed he thought he ſaw a glare of light as he opened the door. They deſcribed its appearance as riſing from the well,

well, to an enormous ſize above the buſhes, with many other dreadful particulars which their fearful imagination had conceived. On the morrow, when the ſun was far riſen, many of the inhabitants of the village viſited the place, and upon an old tree, which ſtood in a ſtrait line acroſs the mouth of the well from the ſpot where the men had been ſtationed, the freſh marks of the bullets were plainly ſeen, and one of them dug out from the tree. This confirmed the tale; and as the fellows were well known in the village for their perſonal courage, it was no wonder an horror invaded the breaſt of every one upon an idea of diſturbing the repoſe of a ghoſt ſo well authenticated, ſo powerful, ſo impervious to injury. Mr. Freeman heard from the late curate himſelf this account; the two fellows were ſtill in the pariſh; the curate left it ſoon after. The apparition had been occaſionally ſeen ſince; and though moſt people who had ſeen it varied in the accounts, as fear or fancy directed, it ſeemed to be generally agreed, that a large bloody

fillet

fillet encircled its head; and as it walked along with a ſlow and ſolemn pace, had been frequently heard to ſigh and groan moſt piteouſly. Soon after Mr. Freeman came to St. Donats, he was informed by the farmer the full particulars of its traditional hiſtory. The old ſtory which was known in the family concerning this Spectre of the Well (the name by which it was called) was to the following purpoſe; and to corroborate this many ancient records and manuſcripts of a far diſtant date ſtill remain:—

David ap-Bourne, ancient Lord of this caſtle, at the time of the civil wars between the houſes of York and Lancaſter, joined the cauſe of Edward. Among the various ſucceſs that ſometimes favoured one, and ſometimes the other party, he had alternately been driven from, and reinſtated in, the caſtle. When the wars were happily over, and Edward was firmly fixed on the throne, the Lord ap-Bourne waited upon that monarch in London. In the gay and laſcivious court of Edward, the amorous Welchman

ſoon

ſoon forgot the Lady ap-Bourne, whom he had left in his caſtle in Wales. Among the fair ladies who ſported their charms in the ſunſhine of the royal favour, was Jane de Tracy, who to the moſt lovely and inſinuating countenance, added a heart depraved and abandoned to every vice. Her huſband had been a Lancaſtrian, but had been baſely betrayed by his wife to a Captain in Edward's army, upon whom her luſcious eyes had wandered. De Tracy was murdered in his bed without reſiſtance; this ſecond Helen conveyed away his ſword; and as the murderer entered the apartment, ſhe threw her enſnaring arms around the victim's neck, and he fell dead upon her infamous boſom. The aſſaſſin lived not long to enjoy the fruits of his treachery; he was ſlain in an engagement a few days after by the brother of the deceaſed.

The widow, thus left to herſelf, was determined no longer to be encumbered with a huſband of the common ſort; and having been very ſerviceable to Edward in the latter part

part of the war, in betraying many of the Lancaſtrians, her beauty and merit found a ready admittance into the court of that monarch. This fair lady had captivated the rude heart of David ap-Bourne; and, perceiving the ſtrong hold ſhe had upon his luſtful paſſions, threw her vows of widowhood aſide, and thought the title of a Lady worth her notice. The eager fool yielded to her wiles. The Lord ap-Bourne was a man brought up from his youth in arms; nor had he a thought that was not connected with blood, luſt, and rapine; and it was only the ſtupor of his abilities that prevented the depravity of his character from being more generally known. No ſcruples retarded him, and he at once determined to get rid of his wife. This he briefly did by a poiſon adminiſtered by his own hand. He next married Jane de Tracy, who had before ſtipulated that each part of his property ſhould be ſettled on her after his demiſe. The infatuated Lord had conſented to every thing; and the new married couple

ſoon after ſet off to the Caſtle of St. Donats. Jane had before caſt her wanton eye on the next kinſman of her Lord, a fine ruddy youth, limbed like an Hercules, agile as a Mercury, and graceful as an Apollo. She doubted not, as all the eſtates were ſettled upon her, that after the departure of the Lord ap-Bourne, ſhe could eaſily mould the other to her purpoſe. The famous well was at that time in being. One evening, when no one was near them, ſhe drew her Lord to the ſpot, under the pretence that ſhe had dropped a valuable bracelet into the well: ſhe affirmed it was entangled in the weeds by the ſide, and had not yet fallen to the bottom. She pointed to the ſpot, where ſhe ſtill ſeemed to ſee it; ſhe reached her hand into the well, and declared ſhe could almoſt touch it; ſhe finally begged him to try. David accordingly ſtooped down for the purpoſe—"A little further, my dear Lord," ſaid ſhe; "a little further, my love," kneeling down by his ſide, and pointing with her left hand to the pretended place, while her

her right ſeized a large ſtone, ready for the deed; and, as her huſband tottered upon the brink, ſhe ſmote him on the head, and in the ſame moment hurled him to the bottom. With deliberate thought ſhe next completed the bloody work by heaping large maſſes of ſtone into the well, and calmly walked back to the houſe. Lewis ap-Bourne, the kinſman of David, lived at his mother's ſome miles from the caſtle; for ſo little was the fair wanton able to hide her craving luſt for the youth, that even the ſenſeleſs David had taken ſome notice of it. He accordingly, on their return to Wales, had ſent his relation to his mother's home; and this had haſtened his own fate. Lewis himſelf was glad to leave the caſtle. He had not been inſenſible to the advances of the luſcious dame: her ſoft and amorous glances when ſhe ſaw the youth, the inſinuating dimple which played around her moiſt lips whenever ſhe addreſſed him, the gentle heavings of her breaſts, and the throbbing preſſure of her hand, if by chance ſhe touched him,

all

all told her fond tale, and fired his juvenile heart. He wiſhed to be true to his kinſman; he tried to ſtifle the raging flame; but one ſmile from Jane overturned all his philoſophy, and he found he could only conquer by flight. With pleaſure therefore he accepted the Lord ap-Bourne's permiſſion to reſide with his mother, and determined no more to riſk an encounter with the ſeducing glances of the artful Jane. Quickly did Jane perceive that Lewis was not inſenſible to her paſſion. The ſtammering of the youth, the quick palpitation of his heart, which ſeemed riſing to his mouth as he anſwered her occaſional ſpeeches, were too ſure ſigns to be miſtaken by her. She ſaw too the ſuſpicions of her huſband, and attributed the abſence of Lewis from the Caſtle ſolely to his commands. Convinced then in her own mind, that the moment Lord ap-Bourne was removed, ſhe might put his kinſman in his room, which ſhe had before determined, inſtantly ſhe prepared to do ſo. No ſooner had ſhe entered the houſe

from

from the accompliſhment of her diabolical purpoſe, than ſhe ſent a truſty meſſenger to Lewis with a letter. "Your cruel and jealous kinſman is at reſt," ſaid ſhe; "love, all-powerful love, braced my nerves, and the haughty monſter fell by the hands of a weak woman. Fly, my Lewis, fly with ſafety, my beloved, to theſe arms eager to preſs you to my throbbing boſom. Love, pleaſure, and dignity invite you; your's ſhall be the Lordſhip of the Caſtle of St. Donats; your's ſhall be the wide domains, and all the wealth of the tyrant; and your's too, the thoughts, the will, the life, the ſoul, of the devoted

"JANE AP-BOURNE."

Lewis read the letter with far other ſenſations than the laſcivious writer had conceived. The cold graſp of horror chilled that heated deſire which had before raged through his frame. "Tell your miſtreſs," ſaid he to the meſſenger, "I come." The man haſtily departed, Lewis mounted his horſe, and without loſs of time flew, not to her arms, but to the court of the monarch. He gave

the letter; Edward read the contents, and ordered a choſen body of troops to attend Lewis to the Caſtle, and bring the Lady ap-Bourne to his preſence. Lewis arrived with the ſoldiers at St. Donats. The Lady, deſpiſed by her lover, and ready to fall into the hands of juſtice, now threw off the flimſy appearance of delicacy: ſhe mounted the battlements; ſhe harangued her troops for the combat; ſhe prayed, ſhe promiſed, and ſhe threatened; they liked not the cauſe, but threw down the drawbridge, and to a man ſurrendered to the proper heir. Deſpair alone remained with this depraved and infatuated woman: ſhe aſcended the higheſt turret, and plunging a poniard into her breaſt, threw herſelf headlong in the midſt of the aſtoniſhed ſoldiers. Lewis was now become the lawful Lord of the Caſtle: the body of the murdered David was ſought for and found; and not long after a confidential ſervant diſcovered both the iniquity of David and the late Lady ap-Bourne in the murder of his former wife. A few years

from this period, the ghoſts of the different perſonages ſo untimely cut off, began to make their appearance. The firſt Lady ap-Bourne, who was poiſoned, took poſſeſſion of the interior of the caſtle; the infamous Jane delighted in the court-yard and battlements; while David ap-Bourne himſelf was contented with the well and grounds adjoining. But theſe reviſiting inhabitants had never been troubleſome to the Lord Lewis, who, having married a Welch lady, lived contentedly, and died peaceably on the ſpot. David his ſon ſucceeded him in the reign of Harry the Eight, at which time the ghoſts were almoſt forgotten. However, they made their appearance again about the time of Mary; but in the glorious reign of Elizabeth, and the following one of James, they were thought to have departed for ever. When the unhappy Charles came to the throne, they ſeemed once more to have revived; and ſo much were they noticed about that period, and until the Reſtoration, that the neighbourhood can tell moſt wonder-

ful tales, faithfully handed down from father to ſon, of the ſtrange and wonderful pranks they played in thoſe days. On the eve of Chriſtmas in the year 1700, a famous ſcholar came from Oxford, and completely laid the two ghoſts of the ladies. The firſt Lady ap-Bourne had permiſſion to go where ſhe pleaſed, and the infamous Jane was ſent to the Red Sea. The ghoſt of David ap-Bourne was alſo quieted for a ſeaſon; and for theſe good acts the learned gentleman was rewarded by the gift of the living, in the poſſeſſion of the Lord of the Caſtle. Since that period the female ghoſts have been no more noticed, and the Spectre of the Well has only been ſufficiently remarked to carry its hiſtory down to poſterity, until (as it was before ſaid) a few years prior to Mr. Freeman's coming to the Caſtle, when the occurrences mentioned in the beginning of the Chapter took place.

Thus have I related the cleareſt and beſt account Mr. Freeman was able to collect from ſome old papers which are depoſited with

with great care in a cheſt which is in the library, and from the moſt reſpectable tradition of the inhabitants. The reſult of the whole could not but greatly ſurpriſe Mr. Freeman. The teſtimony of the clergyman, and the two countrymen who watched with him, was the ſtrongeſt proof that the inhabitant of the well was ſupernatural; and that there ſtill exiſted ſuch a gueſt, his own eyes had often witneſſed from his chamber. He was very certain that to attempt any further inveſtigation of the buſineſs would be offenſive to the country people; and that, ſo far from getting any one to aſſiſt him, he ſhould be reprobated for the very idea. Nor was Mr. Freeman of a curious prying diſpoſition: ſo, after being ſome time at St. Donats, and finding the ghoſt was very quiet and inoffenſive, he determined reſolutely to reſiſt all idle curioſity, and leave the ſpectre undiſturbed in its own fancies. At firſt he ſuppoſed there might be ſomewhere thereabout a concealment for a gang

of ſmugglers, or other nefarious depreda-tors; but the country all around remained perfectly quiet, unmoleſted by robbers of any deſcription. The idea of coiners next ſtruck his fancy, as he had heard ſtrange ſtories of ſets of that kind; but by the utmoſt attention he could employ, he had not the leaſt reaſon to think any ſuch were there. He particularly remarked in the morning early, before the herdſmen and ſhepherds came to the well, that the ground around the well was free from ſoil; nor were there any marks among the buſhes, or traces upon the earth, as if the place had been diſturbed. The window of his bed-room, and the one over it, where young Smith was to ſleep, were the only windows in the Caſtle which had any com-mand of the ſpot; and as Mr. Freeman ſeldom went to bed early, he had frequently watched, in a moon-light night, if he could perceive any thing paſſing and repaſſing. In the courſe of theſe watchings, he had more than once obſerved a figure as de-

ſcribed

ſcribed by the clergyman, with a bandage around its head, and with folded arms, walk ſlowly from the ſpot; he had watched it alſo return; but no human traces were to be found in a morning. At other times he had obſerved the ſame figure, and after ſitting up till the morning, had not perceived its return. Again, for months and months together he had not ſeen it at all; ſoon after it would be viſible many nights following; in ſhort he could not gain the leaſt clue for the vagueſt conjecture on the ſubject. That ghoſts had been, Mr. Freeman doubted not; and why they ſhould not ſtill be, he could give no reaſon. For what cauſe they came, of the motive, the purport, and end of their coming, according to the generally received and moſt creditable modern ſtories, very little explanation was ever given; and many appearances he had heard well authenticated, he could not in any degree account for; but his ignorance of a thing, or his not being able to comprehend it, he concluded, was no

ſolid grounds for his diſbelief. "How many plants, and even animals, are there in the world," he would ſay, "who ſeem to exiſt for no one purpoſe, whoſe uſe or diſuſe we are totally ignorant of? but that they really run their race on this earth as we do our's, that they are born, that they come to maturity, and that they die, is a ſelf-evident fact, which admits not a particle of doubt. Why the ghoſt of the Lord ap-Bourne continues to haunt this ſpot (if the figure I have ſeen be his ghoſt), I cannot poſſibly gueſs; and ſtill as little can I tell, if the figure ſhould even prove to be a man. The conſtant memento of a ſupernatural appearance may be a caution to the inhabitants to avoid that luſt and cruelty which proved his ruin; but no reaſon, nor for any purpoſe whatever, can I conceive why a living individual, at the calm and peaceful hours of the night, walks around the dreary and uninhabited ſpot of a well: but were it ſo, again I am as ignorant why it is uninjured by

by the weapons of death, and leaves on the ſoil which it treads no marks of human preſſure.

"Man, or ſpirit, thou art peaceable and inoffenſive; reſt, therefore, undiſturbed and unaſſailed by me."

CHAP. IX.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown;
That this ſhall plead, the next ſhall fight,
The laſt aſſert the church's right.
I cenſure not the fond intent,
But how precarious is th' event;
By talents miſapply'd and croſt,
Conſider all your ſons are loſt.

GAY.

MR. Freeman inhabited the weſtern wing of the Caſtle, and from the window of his bed-room eaſily diſtinguiſhed the little church, which he ſerved, down in the vale. You entered his apartments from a large hall. His uſual ſitting room, which was alſo his library,

library, looked towards the ſouth, with a charming view of the ſea; adjoining was another room of equal ſize, both decently furniſhed. The kitchen and offices were the other ſide of the hall, the only part of the weſtern wing that was habitable. The eaſtern wing was the part in which the farmer and his family reſided; adjoining to their dwelling were the ready-furniſhed rooms for lodgers. As it was the ſpring when young Smith came to the Caſtle, it was not yet inhabited, though it was beſpoke for the enſuing ſeaſon. Mr. Freeman had put up a bed for Jack in a room belonging to the weſtern tower, which, though ſomewhat ſolitary, was at no great diſtance from the reſt of the family. This room was well wainſcotted, exhibited a more modern appearance than the reſt of the building, and ſeemed to have been later inhabited. The room was pleaſant and airy; at the bottom of a winding ſtaircaſe, that led to it a little way down a paſſage to the right, was Mr. Freeman's bed-chamber;

the next was a lumber-room, and the one oppoſite was inhabited by the man and his wife who lived ſervants to Mr. Freeman. Theſe good people were advanced in years, had always lived in the village, had ſeen their children provided for through the bounty and management of Mr. Freeman, and in his ſervice (who wanted but very little attendance) found a comfortable aſylum in their old age. Jack had been here two days when Mr. Freeman prepared to take him to the ſchool he had mentioned; as it was but two miles, he thought proper to go with him the firſt time. Jack was to take his proviſion for dinner with him in the morning, and return to the Caſtle in the evening. Mr. Lewis, who kept the ſchool, had been formerly of Jeſus College; he had ſcarcely gained a fellowſhip when he was ſo imprudent as to marry, and loſt at once all his expectations of a living. His friends with great difficulty had aſſiſted in ſupporting him at college, and could do no more for him. Jealouſy, the fear of loſing his beloved, had

urged him to the precipitate match, as her parents wiſhed her to marry another. Having entered into the church, he was ſettled in the adjoining curacy; and as he was known to the vicar, he allowed him a ſtipend of fifty pounds a year, much beyond the uſual price in thoſe parts. His wife had proved very prolific, and he had got five children when Mr. Freeman firſt came into that part of the country. It was Mr. Freeman who had extricated him from his pecuniary difficulties, and had been the beſt friend he ever met with. Mr. Freeman propoſed to him to keep a day-ſchool on the liberal plan of four guineas a year, without any expences attendant. He had prevailed on ſome of the farmers to ſend their ſons to Mr. Lewis, and others had followed the example. The gain of the ſchool was clear; and from twelve to twenty boys was a wonderful help to his narrow income. His family were now increaſed to eight, five ſons and three daughters, and as merry a little ſet as any in the kingdom. In ſhort,

though

though with ſo large a family, he found himſelf getting forward in the world; his cows and pigs which he kept, almoſt ſupported them; and as the vicar had let him ſome acres of the glebe, he had his hay, oats, barley, and wheat, though in ſmall quantities, regularly every year. Mr. Freeman had been the cauſe of all this; he had at firſt ſupplied him with a little ready money, and had abſolutely taught him economy and management. Need I add in what light he was conſidered by a grateful family; the moment they ſaw him at a diſtance, every little pair of legs made the beſt of their way to meet him. When he had introduced Jack, Mr. Lewis inſiſted again and agair that the boy ſhould regularly take his dinner with them; but this Mr. Freeman would by no means allow, as he ſaid no difference was to be made among the boys to alter the original plan, which had ſucceeded ſo well. The beſt laws in this country, he would often ſay, become of no uſe by their alterations, amendments, and exceptions.

Jack

Jack had continued at this ſchool a year. In the mean time Major Grey, accompanied by Dick, ſailed with his regiment to the Weſt Indies. Mr. Freeman had heard of his ſafe arrival. The Major gave a feeling picture of the miſeries of the climate—too well known, too fatally experienced.

Oh! dreadful poſſeſſions, fated to be purchaſed by the deſtruction of the human race! Are ye ſo neceſſary to the comfort of the mother country, that the blood of her ſons muſt be ſacrificed for your ſafety? The Machiavilian may conclude ſo, but the eye of Philanthropy, Chriſtianity, and Humanity ſees you in another light.

Mr. Freeman had alſo heard from Captain Willis, who talked of calling on him in a few months to enquireif Jack was ready to accompany him to ſea. Young Smith was now able to read and write very well; the clown was wearing away very faſt, and only left an open ingenuous countenance, in which Health might have ſat for his picture. The manners of Freeman, the general tenour of his conduct,

and

and his occaſional inſtruction, had aſtoniſhingly improved the wild country lad. Major Grey had indulged him the ſix months he was with him in every ſpecies of liberty; he had rambled about the country with Dick, rode the Major's horſes whenever he choſe, and was in the high road to be a ſpoiled and ruined child, had he continued under their management. But Freeman kept him ſtrict to his duty, and every trifling failing was at once traced to its ſource, reprimanded, and puniſhed. Little indeed of the latter did Smith require; and oftentimes did Mr. Freeman think himſelf peculiarly happy in meeting with a lad of ſo willing a diſpoſition. Mr. Freeman amuſed himſelf in the winter months with walking out with a few ſpanials; he had ſometimes carried a gun, and occaſionally killed a bird. Jack on holidays accompanied him, and was by far the beſt ſhot of the two. It was the hunting with the ſpaniels Mr. Freeman chiefly delighted in, and, as they were well-bred dogs, had once or twice in the ſeaſon killed him

him a hare, a matter of great triumph to their maſter. After Chriſtmas Mr. Freeman went to London for a few days, and had not been returned a week before a ſervant, in a ſplendid livery, rode to the door with a letter. Mr. Freeman, ſurpriſed, eagerly took it himſelf from the man's hand, and read the following:—"The Duke of Caſtletown is informed that the Rev. Mr. William Freeman has been for ſome years in the habit of deſtroying game on his Grace's manor; as the Duke purpoſes reſiding occaſionally on his eſtate, and underſtands Mr. Freeman is neither qualified, nor has taken out a licence, his Grace gives Mr. Freeman this notice to avoid ſporting for the future, that his game-keepers may not have the unpleaſant office of informing againſt him.

"Written, by order of his Grace,

"By J. Juskin, Houſe-ſteward."

"Tell your maſter," ſaid Mr. Freeman to the ſervant, as ſoon as he had read the note, "tell him that—No—wait a few moments, my friend; I think it will be better to write; there

there can then be no miſtakes. Here, Thomas, give the ſervant ſome refreſhment."

In a few minutes Mr. Freeman ſent out the following anſwer:—

"To Mr. Juſkin,

"Sir,

"You will inform his Grace, that Mr. Freeman will certainly deſiſt from ſporting until he has qualified himſelf, and taken out his certificate: this Mr. Freeman will be able to do by the next ſeaſon."

In the following ſpring, which completed the ſecond year of Jack's reſidence at St. Donats, Captain Willis came to prepare him for the ſea ſervice. After common enquiries had paſſed, "Do you know, Freeman," ſaid the Captain, "that if poor Nelly had lived, this eſtate had been her's."—"Indeed! by what means?"—"By the mother's ſide, who was a Gwin; the male branch has entirely failed. Nelly's mother was the eldeſt daughter; the ſecond married Sir John Morgan, and his ſon, the preſent owner, I am very intimately acquainted with. You know he is a true ſailor?"

"Yes—

"Yes—an honour to the Britiſh navy. Has he any thoughts, can you tell, of coming to viſit his eſtate?"

"He intends being here next week, and I return with him to town; in the mean time I am your gueſt, and we'll trim his hares with the ſpaniels. Jack is grown a fine fellow; we ſhall ſoon be better acquainted. With your permiſſion, he ſhall have an holiday, and accompany us to-morrow." Captain Willis's remark of the ſpaniels brought the ſtory of the Duke, whom the Captain, without ſcruple, called an ungentlemanly mean-ſpirited fellow. "But what do you mean to do? How can you qualify yourſelf, Freeman? Do it or not, I'll enſure you the deputation of this manor." —"I muſt do," replied Freeman, "a very unpleaſant thing; but do it I will. I mean taking my D. D. degree; that is a qualification; a certificate I take out of courſe." The buſineſs of the ſporting was ſoon ſettled to Freeman's ſatisfaction. Sir J. Morgan came the following week, and, on hearing the

the account, not only preſented Mr. Freeman with the deputation, but gave him an uncontrouled command over his manors, the caſtle and grounds. Mr. Freeman's friends ſpent a very pleaſant week with him. Captain Willis promiſed to take Jack after his next cruize; and they parted, all parties mutually pleaſed with one another. Young Smith, when left alone, began to think more ſeriouſly of the ſituation of life which he ſeemed thus deſtined to: he liked Captain Willis much, but he had neither the eaſy manners nor lively ſpirits of Major Grey, nor the general information, clear ſenſe, and comprehenſive knowledge of his clerical patron. The jolly open temper of Captain Willis was captivating to the boy; but the mind of our young hero began to open, and he could not fail drawing the contraſt between the one and the other. Captain Willis was generally the ſame, but Freeman had always ſomething new. When he ſpent a few hours with Captain Willis, nothing ever paſſed that brought a pleaſing reflection to his

his mind; but every minute with Freeman teemed with ſome expreſſion, ſome thought, ſome remark, that not only pleaſed but benefited the hearer. The dye was caſt; he had no intention of going from it; he knew it was not his place to chuſe, but his duty to obey: and, though he felt no deſire for a ſea-faring life, he determined his good friends ſhould never know it was otherwiſe than the firſt wiſh of his heart. In the autumn two letters came from Captain Willis, one to Jack, the other to Mr. Freeman, who the day before had returned from Oxford. Jack with an eager curioſity opened his; it began—

"Dear Jack,

"It's all over; I'm taken: therefore you had better go to Oxford, and turn parſon. I find the raſcals won't releaſe me till the end of the war; but I'll be anſwerable for fifty pounds a year to bear a hand at college, and have written to my ſteward for that purpoſe. Mind what Freeman ſays, and you'll be ſure to turn out well. Your ſincere friend,

"ANTHONY WILLIS."

The

The letter to Freeman was to the ſame purpoſe, ſomewhat longer, ſaying—he went himſelf like a fool to watch the enemy in an open boat, and had been eaſily caught, unable to make the leaſt reſiſtance. Poor Jack wiped a tear as he ended his, more for the misfortune of his friend, than his own loſs. Freeman exclaimed, "He is a generous noble ſoul; and I truſt, Smith, you will take care to be worthy his notice." Then pauſing a few minutes, he added, "What think you of the Univerſity?"—"Whatever, Sir," replied Jack, "you and my other friends think proper, I will willingly and gratefully accede to; but as you have aſked my opinion, Sir, I beg leave to ſay, a college education is what I have always been ambitious of ſince I have heard you ſpeak ſo highly in its favour." It is no wonder that Jack's young mind was deſirous of going to the Univerſity; he had always conſidered it as the grand deſideratum of learning both from his preceptor and Mr. Freeman; and whenever the ſea ſcheme had intruded itſelf upon

upon him, he had ſuppreſſed a ſigh that he was not firſt to go to Oxford: ſo ſtrong was the deſire of information and learning, which Mr. Freeman's care had implanted in his mind. Beſides, if there was a weak ſide in the character of Freeman; it was the very high reſpect in which he held an Univerſity education. "He has never been to college," was a common expreſſion with him when he meant to ſtigmatize any one for want of liberality, for incivility, or any kind of ignorance. As an inſtance of this ſhade in his character:—after he had received his Grace's letter concerning the game, and had retired into the parlour, almoſt mechanically he uttered, "His Grace, I believe, went to France, when he ought to have been at college;" and, "I remember him very well at Oxford," or, "I remember his name at the Univerſity," was as conſtantly intended as a tribute of praiſe. No wonder then that young Smith, who looked upon Freeman as the moſt perfect character, warmly embraced the ſame ideas; no wonder they were both rather

pleaſed

pleaſed at the change; and as Captain Willis was well and ſafe, they had no reaſon, on his account, to indulge in any melancholy ideas. Jack was at preſent too young to think of going yet; and beſides, he had a great deal more to learn before he would be perfectly qualified to enter. Mr. Freeman informed Smith, that in about two years, if he applied himſelf to his learning, he would be a proper age; and the one hundred pounds, due from the kindneſs of Captain Willis, would pay the firſt expences. Smith applied with redoubled diligence; and Mr. Freeman imperceptibly became his chief tutor; and the long evenings of the winter months were generally paſſed in reading the claſſics with that gentleman.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Multa viri, &c. &c. &c. ÆN. l. 5.

They heave for breath, they ſtagger to and fro,
And clouds of iſſuing ſmoke their noſtrils blow.
Yet equal in ſucceſs, they ward, they ſtrike;
Their ways are different, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow ſides the rattling thumps reſound.
A ſtorm of ſtrokes well-meant with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes.

DRYDEN'S Trans.

ONE fine morning in the Chriſtmas holidays Smith had ſtrayed ſome miles from home with a lad of the village, who was going to ſee a relation at Swanſea. Soon after they had parted, Jack heard a noiſe like

the notes of a pack of hounds, though at ſome diſtance. He had nothing particular to call him home, and he followed the ſound for ſome time. At laſt, from the top of a high hill which he had juſt mounted, he perceived two horſemen riding towards him, while the dogs remained puzzling in the vale. One was a young man about his own ſize, with a hunting-cap on his head, and a laſhed whip in his hand; the other was evidently a ſervant, "You ſaw the hare," ſaid the young one, addreſſing Smith; "which way did ſhe go?"—"No," replied Jack, "I did not; I am but juſt come here."—"That's falſe," ſaid the other, "for you muſt have ſeen her."—"Falſe!" retorted our hero, with a look of the utmoſt contempt, "whoever you are, I am ſure you are no gentleman."—"You raſcal!" replied the ſtranger, "I'll humble your Welch blood for you," and immediately ſtruck him with his whip. "You are a coward and a villain." Smith enraged, was proceeding, as he endeavoured to return the

blow with a ſmall ſtick he had in his hand, when the other, jumping off his horſe, cried, "What—will you fight me?" "Yes, willingly," ſaid Smith. "Here, Tom," ſaid the aggreſſor, "damme, catch the mare, and don't you interfere:" then, throwing down his cap and whip, he advanced boldly to the combat; nor did our hero leſs willingly meet him. They ſprung forward againſt each other with ſuch fury, ſo anxious were both to ſtrike, ſo indifferent about warding the blows, ſo eager to throw his adverſary, that both in a few ſeconds fell together on the ground. They roſe, and retreating a little diſtance, as if by mutual conſent, ſtripped off their coats, and prepared more leiſurely for the battle. Our hero was not fourteen, his adverſary about a year older. In ſtrength they were nearly equal, as their firſt trial had convinced them. Now you might ſee them approaching more carefully, and making uſe of what pugiliſtic art each of them poſſeſſed. The little that came to Jack's knowledge Dick had taught him;

the other had learned it more ſucceſsfully at a public ſchool. Our youth ſoon felt this ſuperiority, and the guſhing blood which flowed plentifully from his noſe, did not a little retard his exertions: his only help ſeemed to be in cloſing with his antagoniſt; this he ſucceeded in, and preſſed him cloſe to his breaſt, to prevent in ſome degree the force of his blows. The other ſtrived to free himſelf from his graſp, and ſtriking and ſtruggling together, every limb was exerted, every nerve was ſtrained to throw each other on the ground. So well matched were the youths that neither could prevail; and the faintneſs and long pauſe between the blows on both ſides, evinced how greatly both of them were diſtreſſed. Still their flaſhing eyes declared their unconquered fury; the ſtranger gnaſhed his teeth with rage, and with a violent exertion freed himſelf from the other. Now again triumphantly he came forward; in vain Smith guarded his blows; ſucceſs for a while animated them with double force. Thus over-

matched, he made frequent attempts, and at laſt ſucceeded in again cloſing with him; all his hopes were in throwing his enemy; he ſtrained every muſcle, threw both arms round his waiſt, pitched his head in his ſtomach, and both fell together. They roſe; again and again was the ſame repeated. Smith found that his opponent was more diſtreſſed than himſelf by the falling; his breath began to quicken, and his blows to weaken. He had for ſome time been endeavouring to recover his own wind, which his haſte at the commencement had deprived him of. Now therefore he charged him with renovated vigour, and at laſt, by a lucky trip, threw his adverſary without falling himſelf. The other lay a few ſeconds quite out of breath; and as he attempted cautiouſly to riſe, Smith retreated a few ſteps to convince him he would take no unfair advantage. The ſtranger aroſe, and with an unyielding front, though ſlowly, came forward. With the caution of thoſe who had proved one another's powers, ſternly they viewed each other. "You are a damned

brave fellow at leaſt for not taking the riſing blow," ſaid Jack's opponent. "I did not wiſh to ſtrike you at all," replied our youth, "had you not begun with your abuſe and the whip." At that inſtant (for the fury of the fight had carried them a conſiderable diſtance from the ſpot where the battle began) up ſtarted a hare, the original cauſe of the quarrel. "See," ſaid the ſtranger, "I had *ſome* cauſe for my ſuſpicions. For this I beg your pardon. I think you may beat me too, though I'll not give out; but if you don't think I am afraid of you, as I firſt began, I'll firſt offer to ſhake hands with you on even terms." "I've no longer any wiſh to continue the quarrel," ſaid Smith, and readily took the offered hand. "Upon my ſoul," ſaid the other, "I am very ſorry I ever ſtruck you; you muſt think me a damned quarrelſome fellow, but on my life I ſaw the hare go up the hill." "I have not the ſmalleſt doubt of your honour or your courage," replied our youth. The ſervant, who had before earneſtly deſired them to deſiſt,

but

but knew his maſter too well to dare to interfere, came up and ſaid, "You had better, my Lord, go home directly; your head is very much ſwelled, and your left eye is quite cloſed." "I'll be damned if I do," ſaid he, "unleſs you, Sir, (ſpeaking to Smith) will go with me." "I can't I thank you," replied our youth with a ſmile; "I am not much better off than you; and I have got at leaſt eight miles to walk." "Eight miles to walk!" replied his late adverſary; "indeed, indeed, Sir, upon my life, you ſhall not walk. I inſiſt upon your taking my ſervant's horſe; he can get another within a mile at a tenant's, and, if you will favour me with your addreſs, he ſhall fetch it in the evening." Our hero was very much ſurpriſed at the different language of his new acquaintance; when he had firſt accoſted him, inflamed by haſte and paſſion, and his preſent manner, which ſhewed him ſo much more poliſhed. It was in vain he objected, the other ſtrenuouſly inſiſted on his taking the horſe. Jack therefore mentioned Mr. Freeman's at

the Caſtle of St. Donats. "Mr. Freeman's!" ſaid the other with evident ſurpriſe; "may I aſk if you are his relation?" "I have not that happineſs," replied our hero; "my name is Smith. May I beg, in return, to know to whom I am obliged for my——" Jack ſmiled, then added "intended ride." "My name is Edward Cafuſin; and I will do myſelf the pleaſure of calling on you as ſoon as I loſe theſe curſed marks of my incivility. I hope we ſhall be better acquainted." The young men again ſhook hands, and parted with far other opinions of each other than their rencounter commenced with. Jack, mounted on the ſervant's horſe, immediately proceeded homewards, and about half a mile from the houſe met Mr. Freeman; it was late in the day, and he had walked out to ſee if Smith was coming. Great was his ſurpriſe at recognizing him upon a horſe; and, had it not been for his dreſs, his face was ſo completely disfigured, Mr. Freeman had certainly not known him. He looked very much diſpleaſed when he ſaw his

his condition, and angrily ſaid, "Your haſty impatient diſpoſition has led you, I ſee, into ſome broil." Jack, who had withſtood the other occurrences of the morning with heroic fortitude, did not ſo bear the diſpleaſure of his friend; he burſt into a flood of tears. Mr. Freeman ſaid, ſomewhat ſoftened, "who was your antagoniſt? and where did you get that horſe?"

"Lord Edward Cafuſin, Sir, and he lent me the horſe."

"The Duke's ſecond ſon. What, he beat you as I ſee, and ſo lent you the horſe to ride home after your beating?" The latter part of the ſpeech was ſpoken with rather a ſneer. Jack did not immediately anſwer. Mr. Freeman added very emphatically, "I am very ſorry it happened, as I make no doubt the Duke will conſider it a perſonal inſult, and it is far from my wiſh to wilfully affront any man." They ſoon came to the caſtle. Jack had rather recovered from the grief of Mr. Freeman's anger, and begged to ſpeak to him for a few minutes. Mr. Freeman went with him into the parlour, and Smith can-

didly and fairly declared the origin and final event of the combat, and ended with ſaying, that *his* diſpleaſure was the only thing he lamented, or made him at all ſorry he had behaved as he did. Mr. Freeman kindly anſwered, "My dear boy, you have acted perfectly right; I believe every word you ſay; for I have always found you ſpeak the truth. If the Duke thinks proper to notice it, I will countenance you in every reſpect: I am much pleaſed with your conduct." Jack's countenance brightened up; he entirely forgot his bruiſes, and ſat down to his dinner with an excellent appetite. After his repaſt, Mr. Freeman thought it beſt for him to go to bed; due care had been taken of his hurts, and exhauſted nature wanted reſt.

In the evening one of his Grace's ſervants came for the horſe; he told the old man, that the Duke was at firſt very much enraged; but that his Lord ſoon made him promiſe not to take any notice of it to Mr. Freeman; that he had greatly commended the young man, and had told the ſervant before

before his father to inform him, that he would ſoon call upon him. The old man faithfully delivered the meſſage, and Mr. Freeman was not a little ſurpriſed. With the good care of his friend and the old couple, Smith ſoon recovered of his bruiſes, which were chiefly in the face, but two black eyes remained for ſome time. In about a week the young Lord came one morning early that he might be ſure to find his new friend at home. Mr. Freeman ſaw in him a fine youth, about the ſize and make of Smith, and very little taller. He was indeed a promiſing boy, but a bad education (or properly no education at all), had almoſt ruined him. He had been kept in the nurſery till his eleventh year, where, having ſignalized himſelf by every ſpecies of miſchief, his Grace had thought proper, upon the continual complaints of the woman, who could by no means manage him, to ſend him to a public ſchool. Our young Achilles, once at liberty, could as little bear the curb of regular diſcipline, as the ſon of Peleus, in former

days, could the controul of the ſupreme Agamemnon. He became totally unmanageable; what diſcipline might have done, I will not preſume to ſay, had he not after frequent puniſhments been at laſt expelled. Quite indifferent, he had joined his father's family in Glamorganſhire, and had brought with him a pack of hounds, which he had purchaſed at Tatterſall's. No wonder, ſo badly managed, he had treated Smith in the before-mentioned manner; and, as he had generally been ſucceſsful in his battles, and not unſkilful in the pugiliſtic art, he was greatly ſurpriſed to meet with an antagoniſt in Smith as reſolute and determined as himſelf. In the midſt of all his faults he had a moſt excellent heart; and it had been the nobleneſs of his ſoul, more than the violence of his temper, that had occaſioned his being expelled from ſchool. He had refuſed to give up the names of his companions in an affray in which he alone had been diſcovered; and though his caſe was hard, he had nevertheleſs been properly expelled. The diſcipline of a public

public ſchool is not unlike the military exerciſe; it may appear harſh, needleſs, and even ridiculous to a ſuperficial obſerver; the chattering and ignorant magpies of the day may, perhaps, condemn it, but the teſt proves every trifle has its ſignificancy, and the ſcientific veteran and the reſearching philoſopher will at once applaud its utility. What has handed down the name of Buſhby with ſuch eclat to poſterity, while many a greater ſcholar is totally forgotten? Or was it for his military knowledge, or his impartial diſcipline that Frederic of Pruſſia obtained the name of Great? Ye nurſeries of Britiſh virtue, learning, and liberty, ſtill retain that impartial government and order, uninfluenced by titles, power, or wealth, which have raiſed you above all other ſeminaries of the globe, and you will never have reaſon to fear the peſtilential breath of diſgrace, the benumbing cold of ignorance, or the rude blaſts of ſcepticiſm.—But to my ſubject. The free and uncontrouled manners of Lord Edward had ſtruck Mr. Freeman, and he at once thought

thought him a very improper connection for his young friend. Lord Edward ſtayed moſt of the morning; and before he parted, deſired Smith to fix an early day to come and reſide ſome time with him. Smith anſwered, he was entirely guided by Mr. Freeman. His young Lordſhip looked very much ſurpriſed, and repeated his invitation to Mr. Freeman with the air of a man who is certain of not being refuſed. Mr. Freeman coolly replied, that Smith was obliged to him for the offer, but that their ſtations in life were ſo very different, an intimacy would be improper for both parties. Lord Edward was more and more amazed; the laſt thing he had expected was a refuſal; and he added, with his uſual warmth when any thing diſpleaſed him, "I ſuppoſe, Sir, you have been hearing ſome damned tales againſt me; for the conduct of Smith has been ſo like that of a gentleman, that I can ſee no difference between us." Mr. Freeman anſwered, "I give very little heed

to

to idle tales, my Lord; but your birth, education, manners, are ſo far diſtant from thoſe—." "Manners, Sir!" replied Lord Edward haſtily; "have you ſeen any thing in my manners offenſive to-day, Mr. Freeman?" The other calmly ſaid, "Do you really, my Lord, wiſh me to anſwer your queſtion?" "Yes, Sir, upon my ſoul I do," replied the offended nobleman in a ſtudied tone, trying to ſpeak as free from paſſion as poſſible.

"Then, Sir, let me inform you, that the conſtant habit of ſwearing in which you indulge yourſelf, is totally repugnant to me and my principles." His Lordſhip was ſo aſtoniſhed at this reply, he had no anſwer ready; it was ſo oppoſite to the language he had been accuſtomed to. Groſs truths delivered at ſchool, had given him ſome reaſon to be offended by their groſſneſs; and the language at home had ever been the language of flattery; but here he received a very unpleaſant truth in the moſt civil terms

terms poſſible. At laſt he anſwered, "I do not conſider myſelf accountable, Sir, to any body for my conduct: I wiſh you, Sir, (to Mr. Freeman, very formally) a good morning;" then, turning to Smith, he added, "I hope to ſee you ſoon;" and as he was before mounted on his horſe, rode off. The gentlemen were about to walk within doors, neither ſpeaking, when the ſound of a horſe coming on a gallop, induced them to ſtop. In a few ſeconds his Lordſhip returned, and, addreſſing Mr. Freeman, "I am extremely ſorry for the haughty manner in which, Sir, I received a well-meant reproof. Had I often met with a friend to tell me ſo candidly my faults, I need not have troubled you with this apology." He was going away again, when Mr. Freeman, who was ſtruck with the ingenuous ſpirit of a youth who could ſo nobly confeſs a fault, replied, "Your free acknowledgment of an error, my Lord, is a ſure ſign you are not hardened in any bad habits

you

you may be guilty of; and if you will but ſometimes take yourſelf to taſk, you will have no need of reproof from any other perſon." There was ſomething in this ſpeech that flattered his Lordſhip more than it accuſed him; it praiſed while it condemned him; and he ſpoke with a ſmile, "I am extremely glad to find, Sir, you don't think ſo very bad of me: I have been an idle fellow, I confeſs; but if you will permit me to keep up the acquaintance with Smith, I'll promiſe to do my beſt not to corrupt him." —"Well," ſaid Mr. Freeman, nodding his head, "I'll take your word, and it ſhall not be many days before he ſhall return your viſit." The young men had now a little converſation together; and Lord Edward took a very different leave from what he did half an hour before. "It is a great pity," ſaid Mr. Freeman, as he rode off, "that ſuch a boy ſhould be ruined."

According to Mr. Freeman's promiſe, Jack in a few days returned the viſit, and in

in the courſe of the day, had ſome converſation with his Grace. The young friends dined alone: Lord Edward naturally ſuppoſed the ceremony of dining with his father and mother would be unpleaſing to Smith. He ſtaid the night, and Lord Edward returned with him the next day, and left him in the evening more pleaſed than ever with Mr. Freeman, with whom he had a long converſation.

A little time after the above happened, a ſervant of the Duke's came with an haunch of veniſon and a letter to Mr. Freeman; the Duke wrote himſelf, that, underſtanding he had been miſinformed concerning the game, he deſired Mr. Freeman would ſport on any part of his manor he choſe; his Grace alſo thanked Mr. Freeman for his polite attention to his ſon Edward. Mr. Freeman, in anſwer, returned his thanks to the Duke for his favours; and, though he ſeldom had occaſion to encroach upon his manor, he was equally obliged to him for the permiſſion. Thus

all

all again breathed peace and harmony. Lord Edward was frequently at St. Donats; and was never ſo happy as when he could enjoy the company of Mr. Freeman and his new friend.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Dear Venus, hide this wond'rous maid,
Nor let her looſe to ſpoil your trade.
While ſhe engroſſes every ſwain,
You but o'er half the world can reign.

SWIFT.

SOON after Smith had entered his fifteenth year, Mr. Lewis removed further from St. Donats to a more centrical ſituation, by which his ſchool was greatly increaſed. Mr. Freeman kindly embraced this opportunity to undertake the more poliſhed part of his claſſical education, before he went to the Univerſity. Lord Edward, who was ſtruck at the ſteady attention of a youth to his ſtudies, a youth who was

as

as bold and ſpirited as himſelf, began to have ſome reſpect for the character of a ſcholar. When reſpect is once produced, a deſire to be poſſeſſed of the ſame accompliſhments which produce that reſpect, will, in an active mind, quickly follow. Lord Edward, therefore, ſoon entertained a ſecret deſire that Mr. Freeman would alſo favour him with ſome inſtructions, which he began, for the firſt time in his life, to think muſt be ſo neceſſary and advantageous. But it was many months after the commencement of their acquaintance, before he ſignified his wiſh to the Duke, who had for ſome time been preſſing him to have a private tutor, a ſenior ſtudent of C. C. of the name of Plauſible. To one of theſe exhortations he anſwered, "If your Grace will permit, and Mr. Freeman will be ſo kind, I will attend *him*, with Smith, and endeavour to do my beſt, but I never ſhall bear a regular tutor." The Duke inſtantly applied to Mr. Freeman, who candidly confeſſed himſelf both unable and unwilling to accept the taſk of a private tutor.

tutor. Lord Edward then applied in perſon. "My dear Sir," ſaid he, "be ſo kind as juſt to point out to me what you think is moſt neceſſary for me to learn, and I will promiſe you to do what I never did before in my life, to try to learn it." In ſhort, Mr. Freeman was ſo far prevailed on, as to permit him to attend him with Smith. At firſt he gave him his book, and ſimply pointed out where he wiſhed him to begin, and left it to his own will to learn as little or as much as he liked; but it was not long before Lord Edward became ſyſtematically attentive, and they then proceeded more regularly. The quantity of learning that had been poured into his head by his various other teachers (for the public ſchool from which he was expelled, was not the firſt beginning) ſoon began to ſeparate, and became ſettled by the care and attention of Mr. Freeman. His Grace was highly delighted with the wonderful change in his whole behaviour, and a ſmall living in his gift becoming vacant in that neighbourhood, he preſented

preſented it to Mr. Freeman. It was worth about one hundred pounds a year, and after paying the Curate, became a comfortable addition to his income. In this ſtate things continued, till Smith attained his ſixteenth year, when Mr. Freeman prepared to viſit an old acquaintance near Durham, purpoſing to take Smith with him, and to enter him at Oxford on his way home. Lord Edward was to meet them in London, and enter at C. C. at the ſame time. Mr. Plauſible had already been beſpoke as his private tutor, and his Grace's intereſt had got a promiſe of the firſt vacant ſtudentſhip for Smith. So lucky had our hero been, that every acquaintance he had formed in life, had proved a ſerviceable friend. A poor orphan, dependant on charity, even brought up in the workhouſe of a country pariſh, had, by a fortunate chain of circumſtances, not only got into the firſt of connections, but had already, in a great degree, found himſelf provided for In the courſe of the journey, Mr. Freeman explained to our youth his preſent ſituation

and

and future proſpects in life. Major Grey had inſiſted upon his friend's taking twenty pounds a year for Smith (a larger ſum he would not take) and even of this Mr. Freeman would never touch a farthing, but the overplus, after paying his ſchool and clothes expences, was regularly laid by. "This, ſaid he, to Smith "is more than forty pounds, and one hundred and fifty will be ſoon due to you from Captain Willis's bounty. You have therefore near two hundred pounds to aſſiſt you at the beginning, beſides an annual ſeventy pounds and your ſtudentſhip, and this, I can aſſure you, is a larger ſum than many young men of birth and family have on their firſt entrance at the Univerſity. You ſee, then, your means; take care you do not exceed them. If you wiſh to avoid evil, beware of temptation; be not haſty in forming connections, or eager for a large acquaintance; the introduction by Lord Edward will inſure you enough. Above all things, Smith, endeavour to govern your paſſions; in other words, you muſt

muſt conſtantly practiſe ſelf-denial, if you are deſirous of being a good Chriſtian." Smith liſtened to him as if an angel had ſpoken, and again and again thanked him, and hoped at all times he might have his advice. This Mr. Freeman promiſed him, and any other aſſiſtance in his power.

They arrived with pleaſant ſtages at Mr. Freeman's friend's, now become an high-prieſt, poſſeſſed of numerous preferments in the church, Prebend of D. &c. &c. &c. This gentleman had two brothers in parliament, and daily looked forward for higher rank in his profeſſion. He had early in life married a lady whoſe riches both in family and fortune amply made up (at leaſt Mr. Solingey imagined he ſhould think ſo) for every other deficiency. Mr. Solingey had ſo very often and ſo earneſtly preſſed Mr. Freeman to favour him with a viſit, that he intended, at the preſent time, to ſtay a fortnight with him, and afterwards to viſit a Mr. Selfwill, a bachelor of large landed property, and an old acquaintance of his father's.

In their road to Mr. Solingey's (I ſhould have mentioned) they ſlept at York. Smith, who had riſen early, and found his friend was not yet up, ſtrolled out into the town. Tempted by the beauty of the morning, he had followed a pleaſant walk that had led him about half a mile from the environs of the town, when the vibrating notes of a harp caught his ear. Proceeding a few ſteps further, he perceived an elegant manſion, which a thick grove of trees had before hid from his view. Slowly he approached the part from whence the muſic came, and diſtinctly heard a female voice accompany the ſound:

Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſure,
Soon ſhe ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſure.

In his eagerneſs to get a ſight of the ſongſtreſs, he both diſcovered and puniſhed himſelf. The window was open; a beautiful young girl ſat alone with her harp; the jetty treſſes floated in the breeze, and formed a pleaſing contraſt to her fair complexion. The native glow of health was ſoftened by

the tinge of youth: the ſmiles of innocence dimpled in her cheeks; animation heightened the genial luſtre of her eye, as with artleſs grace, unconſcious of notice, her ſnowy arms ſportively played along the ſtrings. In a moment ſhe perceived our youth; ſhe ſtarted, and the crimſon veil of modeſty overſpread her countenance. In her haſte to ſhut down the window, ſhe dropped a ocket that was ſuſpended from her neck. Smith, who was coming forward in the act of apologizing for his rudeneſs, caught the rinket; and his reſpectful manners induced the lady to again open the window. n the moſt civil, pleaſing, reſpectful, and attering terms he excuſed his intruſion; nd common civility induced the fair maiden ſtay while her ſervant came round for e trinket. As he gave the bauble to e maid, his gallantry induced him to imeſs a warm kiſs upon it, and immediately, th a low bow, he retired. In his way to e inn, he thrice miſſed his road with nking of the young lady; and, having

informed Mr. Freeman of the cauſe of his abſence, he fell into a deep reverie all the time of breakfaſt. He left York with a ſorrowful heart, and his friend did not ſpare him for being ſmitten at firſt ſight; but by the time our travellers arrived at Mr. Solingey's, the enchanting unknown was almoſt forgotten.

Mr. Solingey, in the place of a friendly hoſpitality, received the gentlemen with ceremonious oſtentation. Mr. Freeman, the laſt man in the world to play the ſycophantic admirer, was in a few hours heartily ſick of the greatneſs of his quondam friend, and at once determined to cut ſhort his ſtay, and not to exceed the week. He accordingly wrote to Mr. Selfwill, that he would be with him the next week. From thence he propoſed going to town, to ſee the young man at Oxford, and to ſtay a few days with an old aunt, his mother's ſiſter, about thirty miles beyond the Univerſity. Our young hero, as well as Mr. Freeman, was ſoon heartily tired of the

mal pride of their reverend hoſt; and after breakfaſt in a morning, while Mr. Freeman was at cheſs with the Doctor, or viewing his domains, Smith generally ſtrolled out alone, and ſeldom returned till dinner-time, which was not at an early hour.

In one of theſe ſolitary rambles, at the entrance into a long and narrow lane, he perceived a chaiſe driving furiouſly towards him. Smith was walking on the bank above the road; curioſity drew him towards the carriage, when a weak female voice exclaimed with great exertion, "Oh! help me, help me!" Inſtantly a man leaning forward, hid the perſon who had ſpoke from his view. Smith heard no more, but he heard enough to raiſe every ſpark of humanity within him. Running ſtill on the bank, he aſked who was in the carriage? "A mad-woman," replied the man. "Driver, get on." A ſtifled ſcream inſtantly pierced his ear. He ordered the driver to ſtop, who ſhewed his unwillingneſs by violently flogging his horſes. The narrowneſs of the road pre-

vented our youth from leaping into it, as he muſt then have been behind the carriage; but he ruſhed along the bank to be at the bottom before it. The poſt-boy kept his horſes to a full ſpeed; the man in the carriage preſented a piſtol; and as they galloped down the lane, Smith found he was loſing his ground very faſt. Unable to overtake the carriage, as quick as the thought, he picked up a ſtone, and whirled it at the driver. Not Paris, nor the younger Ajax, nor the famous William Tell himſelf aimed with more ſucceſs; it fell upon that bone which the dancing-maſter delights to ſee in a perpendicular attitude, but which pleaſes dame Nature better in the inclining curve: the whole maſs of marrow was electrified at the ſhock; the wretch himſelf reeled, and, writhing with the pain, fell headlong from the horſe. The animals, frightened, increaſed their ſpeed for a little while; but they had been hard driven, and fatigue ſoon took the place of fear; they leiſurely ſtopped of themſelves, the laſh and ſpur no longer urging

urging them. The man, enraged, leaped from the carriage, and as Smith approached, fired his piſtol; at the ſame inſtant our hero ſtruck it aſide with his ſtick, and in the next moment felled the fellow to the ground. Regardleſs of his opponent, he haſtened to the carriage, and a lovely female ſprung into his arms. He bore his delicious burden to a bank ſome little diſtance from the road; alarm and apprehenſion had almoſt deprived her of her ſenſes, and a ſeaſonable flood of tears came to her relief. As he ſtill ſupported her, our hero turned his eyes upon the countenance of the ſtranger, and to his ſurpriſe, and not a little to his pleaſure, he recognized the captivating muſician who had ſo ſtrongly intereſted his mind at York. Never did our hero know an happier moment: pleaſure, the wiſe man ſays, is ſhort. Can I leave him then at a better time? "To fall in love," ſays one philoſopher, "is more pleaſing than to fall out of it." Another tells us, "It is eaſier to get in, than to get out:" and again, "Thoſe

are beſt cured of love, who are firſt cured." Once more, "Love is a pleaſing madneſs, and none but fools would be cured at all." And to conclude, "Every moment is miſſpent that is not ſpent in love."

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Circles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round;
So life we praiſe, that doth excel,
Not in much time, but acting well.

WALLER.

I HAVE left my hero ſo delightfully ſituated, that I confeſs I have no wiſh to diſturb him; but how ſhall I otherwiſe get on with the hiſtory? Would I were a good painter, that the attitude in which the youth ſat, while he liſtened to the heart-thrilling voice of the beauteous unknown, might be more forcibly conveyed to the reader. She

told him that, deceived by the liveries and carriage of her father, and one of his footmen being corrupted, ſhe had been conducted from an evening route, and forcibly carried away towards Scotland. The fair one ſtopped; the villain had recovered his legs, and appeared by the ſide of the horſes. But he waited not the coming of our hero; he had already cut the traces, and mounting the ſaddled horſe, rode furiouſly away. The driver too came limping up, but ſo hurt by the blow he had received on his back, that he could with difficulty walk. Smith ordered him at his peril to prepare the other horſe to carry the lady to a place of ſafety, and returned to his fair charge, whoſe tale was ſoon ended. That ſhe had travelled all night alone, and had not been joined by the perſon in the chaiſe till the morning: that ſhe knew not before his intentions in carrying her from home: that he had regularly ſent a ſervant forward for horſes to be ready at an unfrequented place, and, by keeping to private roads, and

by

by tying on handkerchiefs over her face when they came to the more public places, they had travelled without any hindrance till ſhe had the happineſs to meet him. Her conduct has already told that it was not without a ſtrenuous reſiſtance on her part; and it will be needleſs to repeat the warm and grateful thanks her ſuſceptible heart uttered. Our hero was in ecſtacies, liſtened with rapt attention to each word that was ſpoke, and in a very few minutes had quaffed large draughts of love. The trinket which the fair ſtranger had before dropped from the window, had fallen in the chaiſe; Smith preſented it to the lovely owner, who, with a ſmile ſaid, "You have ſaved it twice, Sir; is it worth your acceptance?" "Moſt willingly, moſt thankfully will I wear it next my heart, which wants not indeed any thing to remind me of its miſtreſs." He was proceeding in the true lover's ſtile when theſe delicious ſenſations were ſuddenly interrupted by the appearance of ſome horſemen, who in a menacing attitude haſtened

towards them. The moment the firſt of the party perceived the fair maiden, he checked his horſe, and clapping his hand to his ear, gave as loud a tally-ho as a weak ſhrill voice was able. There was ſomething, a mixture of affectation and ignorance, ſo truly ridiculous both in his note and method, that, at another time, Smith would have laughed moſt heartily, but at preſent other things than laughable ones employed him. A more elderly gentleman now came up, whom the younger moſt willingly ſuffered to take the poſt of honour in caſe of an affray; but the lady inſtantly ſprung forward, and while ſhe called the one by the name of father, informed him that our hero was her deliverer. Thanks and congratulations paſſed of courſe; and the gentlemen's ſervants coming up, he ordered one of his men to diſmount, and faſtened his horſe as well as poſſible in the chaiſe with the other that remained. In a few minutes the chaiſe was ready. The elderly gentleman had enquired of our hero if his reſidence was any diſtance;

diſtance; Smith informed him not more than a mile. Few other words paſſed; and with no troubleſome ceremony or exceſſive civility, the gentlemen, with the fair charge, took their leave of our hero: the lady indeed looked more than ſhe ſpoke, as ſhe again and again thanked him for his timely aſſiſtance. Smith handed her to the carriage, and ſilently bowing as he dropped her fair hand, a ſigh burſt from his heart, and ſpoke a language no female ear could ever miſtake. Loſt in thought, he ſtood where the carriage had left him, reviewing the ſtrange occurrences of his twice meetting with the faſcinating ſtranger. Every fear of a lover haunted him; and he had not recovered from the ſtupor in which her departure had immerſed him, when the noiſe of horſes cloſe behind him rouſed his attention. Scarce had he time to turn round, before he received a blow that ſtruck him to the ground. One of the fellows (for there were two) inſtantly diſmounted to finiſh the bloody work, for he meant nothing

thing leſs than to be certain of his death, when an occurrence happened that for a time retarded the ever-certain blow. Ah! young man, had it been your lot to have periſhed at this period of your life—had the hands of the aſſaſſin here cloſed the book of your exiſtence—what friend (for thou haſt many), what acquaintance (for every one that knew thee loved thee), would not have truly mourned thy unhappy cataſtrophe?—juſt entered thy ſeventeenth year, with a perſon tall, handſome, and engaging, in which, through the blooming countenance and graceful form of the youth, was ſeen the future hopes of manly beauty and commanding dignity. The dark eyes, which a clear complexion and light thin hair made more conſpicuous, claimed the attention of each ſtranger; while an intereſting face and pleaſing addreſs at once prepoſſeſſed them in thy favour. Free and innocent had been the days of thy life; thou hadſt always followed the dictates of a heart naturally inclined to good, and which had

had been cheriſhed and improved by the watchful eye of one, who cruſhed at the firſt appearance every ſpecies of what was bad. How ſtrangely do mankind err in the cauſe of their ſorrow! See yonder poor wretch, the helpleſs victim of deſpair! he has loſt his only child at that very moment when preparations were making to celebrate the completion of his twenty-firſt year! born to honours, titles, and vaſt poſſeſſions, ſprung from a long illuſtrious line of anceſtors, the father had fondly hoped to increaſe his greatneſs by an alliance more ſplendid even than his own. Diſappointed, he ſinks under the ſtroke, and an untimely grave waits to receive the laſt remains of this moſt noble family. "One comfort yet cheers me," ſays the grief-worn parent; "the virtues of my illuſtrious houſe have not periſhed before its titles." Know, ſhort-ſighted mortal! that thy ſon with all his accompliſhments, had he lived but one day longer, in a far more cruel way had blaſted thy hopes by a marriage with one equally infamous

infamous for birth and manners. Infatuated to a ſpecious form, he had taken pollution to his boſom, and his death alone has broke the chain of a long connection of infamy and miſery. The Circe of a well-known Duke was the object; marriage ſhe demanded as the price of ingratitude; need I tell thee more?

But behold another object, reader; obſerveſt thou a grey-headed old gentleman who follows that unhappy maniac? that too is his only ſon, once a brave and high-ſpirited young ſoldier, the pride, the glory of his father and his friends. How many prayers have been offered for his ſafety!—How many wiſhes for his proſperity!—All, all, have ſucceeded; he has increaſed his family poſſeſſions to more than a princely fortune; he has borne victory upon his helm, and has been rewarded from ſtep to ſtep with titles and honours. Now returned to his native ſoil to enjoy the harveſt of all his glory, reflection ſteals upon his mind; remembrance tells him a clear unvarniſhed tale;

tale; in vain he calls upon oblivion; conſcience ſees the moment, ſtrikes the deep barb of melancholy in his ſoul, and madneſs exulting ſeizes on the devoted victim. Shall I point out any others to thee, reader?—No; if thou wanteſt any more, and canſt not find them within thy own reach, I am ſure thou wilt never ſee the force of mine.

I left my hero on the ground, and about to periſh by the hands of two deſperate villains; they were the fellow and his ſervant who carried off the young lady. The former, we remember, had mounted one of the poſt horſes and galloped off: about two miles on the road he had met his ſervant waiting with freſh horſes, and it was for the purpoſe of retrieving their prize that he returned. The lady was happily in ſafe hands; but Smith had ſoon periſhed the victim of his vengeance, if the appearance of other horſemen had not induced the fellow, who was off his horſe, to mount again

again in a hurry, and be gone. A gentleman and his ſervant, who ſaw what happened, haſtily came up. The ſervant, without waiting for any orders, furiouſly puſhed on after the fugitives; but the men were freſh mounted, and his own horſe, a poſt one, was not much inclined to go any other than a road pace, therefore he was ſoon obliged to give up the purſuit. He returned to his maſter, who, raiſing Smith in his arms, ſaid in a melancholy tone, "Did you know any face like this, Dick?" "Oh! the devil!" exclaimed the other, "as ſure as I am alive it's young Smith." At this moment, to the ſatisfaction of all parties, Smith opened his eyes, and recognizing his old friend Major Grey and Dick, almoſt loſt his ſenſes again for joy. The grateful youth felt a pleaſure he wiſhed not to conceal; again and again he preſſed the Major's hand, and anxiouſly aſked after his health; nor could he for a long time anſwer the enquiries

enquiries both of maſter and man, how he came to be attacked in the manner before mentioned. When Smith had ſatisfied their enquiries, they informed him, that having landed with the remains of their regiment from the Weſt Indies, they were haſtening to town, when they met with a friend of Mr. Freeman's, who informed them he was in that part of the country. As ſuch they had hired poſt horſes, and were going to call upon them, when they thus luckily came up.

They were no great diſtance from the Reverend Doctor's.—Freeman wa ext emely glad to ſee his friend returned ſafe; and determined to leave the great divine's the next day, and join the Major at Mr. Selfwill's, with whom they all were well acquainted. Selfwill with the cordial hoſpitality of an Engliſh gentleman, gave them an hearty and eaſy welcome. Mr. Selfwill was full of oddities, though they offended none but himſelf. Reader, if thou wiſheſt not for a ſketch of him, turn over to the

next

next chapter. From his early youth he had been tormented with a rheumatic gouty diſorder. He had experienced perſonally the whole pharmacopœa of medicine; he had been bled, bliſtered, purged, ſweated, and cupped; ſeatons and iſſues, embrocations and ointments, with plaſters emollient, ſtrengthening, volatile, and defenſive, had again and again and again been applied. He had viſited every noted watering-place in the kingdom; had been ſtewed in more baths than the oldeſt Roman; had been electrified, magnetiſed, and earth-bathed. He had at different times been the ſubject for employment to forty phyſicians, three-ſcore apothecaries, four-and-twenty ſurgeons, and above two hundred nurſes, bathers, &c. &c. &c. and all this before he was thirty. The day he arrived at that age he gave a great dinner, and ſent cards of invitation to all his phyſical friends around him. He ordered an excellent repaſt, two courſes of every thing that could be got, with wines of the firſt flavour and kind. A large com-

pany

pany aſſembled; he himſelf was in unuſual ſpirits, (though, by the by, they ſeldom left him), ate turtle, turbot, veniſon, and turkey, and drank old hock, champaigne, claret, and burgundy, in defiance of all their hints and frowns. When the cloth was removed, he thus addreſſed them; his ſwelled legs prevented his riſing to give more energy to his ſpeech:—"Gentlemen of the faculty, for all the favours received at your hands, accept my moſt hearty thanks. This day I commence my one-and-thirtieth year: a learned author has told me, at that age a man may ſet up for his own doctor; I think I have received as practically-perſonal a knowledge of phyſic as any man on the face o the whole globe. Henceforth, then, gentlemen, I employ myſelf alone, and mean t have the finiſhing of my own proper per ſon. Thus I begin to make up for my lo time; what think you of this ſample of m medicines?" The phyſical gentlemen pu the beſt face on the matter, highly con mended the contents of his ſhop, and d

part

parted too well pleaſed with his drugs to be diſpleaſed at their preſcriber. I ſhould have remarked, Mr. Selfwill had ever been fond of horſes, and always rode when he was able: he had a moſt excellent ſtud, which, like their maſter, were well doctored as the caſe required.

Mr. Selfwill was a ſingle man of five thouſand a year, and addicted to no particular vice; his great expences had been in the phyſical way. The morning after the above dinner, he ſent for his chief groom. "Sam," ſaid he, "where is that famous bliſtering ointment that cured the bay mare's ſwelled legs?"

"Lord! your Honour, I thought ſhe would never have been worth a groat again; but that ſtuff did wonders."

"I mean to try it."

"Sir!"

"Get the ointment." Sam brought the ointment. "Partial bliſtering," ſaid the new Doctor, "I know is of no ſervice for a general diſorder; therefore, like the mare, bliſter

bliſter me, Sam, from the knee to the ancle."

"Your Honour's ſurely in joke."

"No; come begin." To ſhorten the ſtory, Mr. Selfwill was ſo completely bliſtered in the equine faſhion, that no one ſpot of fleſh was viſible upon his legs for a fortnight. The diſcharge from the parts, the dreſſings, management, and ſo forth, my delicacy leaves to the imagination of the reader. In a month from the day of operation, his legs were become the ſize of nature; pains and ſwellings were all fled, and Mr. Selfwill became a new man. He now indulged in his field ſports, took care to be moderate in his living, and ſoon became a ſtout hearty man. Medicines of all kinds he left off; thought no more of change of air, but generally reſided at his ſeat in the country. But his old diſorder had not entirely left him; after a few years it returned, and the ſame remedy drove it away. As he got more advanced in life, it did not ſo eaſily give way to a general bliſter; and in his fifty-fifth year

year, he had been moſt ſeverely tormented through a long winter, in defiance of the bliſter in the foregoing ſpring. The next winter commenced with another violent attack; he determined to try a more violent remedy, and coolly and reſolutely, as a denier reſort, determined to be *fired*; *fired* I mean as his favourite horſes were, the wonderful effects of which he had lately witneſſed in deſtroying the bony ſwelling of two large ſpavins in an old favourite hunter. His letter to Mr. Freeman on that purpoſe, written the laſt autumn, was to this effect:—"I am determined to be fired in ſpite of the foreboding exclamation of every one in the houſe; the only difficulty is, I can get no one to do it; my groom abſolutely refuſes; the farrier is alarmed and unwilling; and I have ſent for a moſt famous horſe-doctor, a Scotchman, from the brave city of Edinburgh. I have not the ſmalleſt idea of its being a fatal operation; and as for pain, what will a man of reſolution not bear to get rid of a continual one?" In the ſecond letter in the ſpring

ſpring he ſays, " 'Tis at laſt done, and moſt completely. The wounds occaſioned by the firing took a long while to heal; all now is ſound and well. I wiſh to my heart I had been fired at one-and-twenty. The legs may ſwell, and the ſinews may be ſtiff again, but I firmly believe there is not an atom of pain left in them. I ſhall expect to ſee you this ſummer."

It would take me too far from my ſubject to enter into the other oddities of Mr. Selfwill; he was a perfect *Naturaliſt* in one ſenſe, for he always followed her rules: he cared not a thought for the why or the wherefore—the event he alone regarded; the cauſes he deſpiſed, he only looked to the effect. One inſtance I will give you: obſerving by the human race the powerful effect of inclination in the female at the ſeaſon of fruitfulneſs, that the conceptions, fancies, delights, and pleaſure ſtamped the habits of the riſing offſpring, and formed the man, he regularly had a hare turned out before the parturient females of his pack, which he took

proper care they ſhould run down, tear to pieces, and devour. I preſume not to ſay the *conſequence* followed from *this*; but he certainly had the beſt pack of harriers of any man in the kingdom.

I cannot fail remarking, that a very famous breeder of horſes perceiving the gifts of the body came from the mother, made a vaſt fortune by attending to this particular.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.